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The Shape of Things

THE VOICE WAS THE VOICE OF HITLER; THE sentiments expressed those which have become boringly familiar; but the manner of delivery was unusually subdued. Radio listeners report that the Führer spoke in a low monotone with none of the ranting eloquence to which he has treated his audiences in the past. He expressed confidence in victory but offered no hint to the German people that the day of triumph was near. The best news he could give them was the fact that the day of disaster on the eastern front had been staved off, and the appeal he made was to the strength of despair rather than to renewed hope. The tremendous dangers overcome in the past winter, he said, were a reminder of the depths of horror into which Europe would have been plunged but for National Socialism. Ascribing to his adversaries the crimes he himself has committed—a psychologically significant habit—he painted a picture of "bestially murdered masses of people" falling victim to "an Asiatic flood." This warning against the perils of Bolshevism was twice repeated for the benefit of "the so-called neutrals" and the Western powers. Interwoven into the speech were several references to the Anglo-American aerial offensive, which appears to be giving Hitler cause for anxiety. That is not surprising, for recent reports from inside Germany offer little backing to his assertion that "fires in our towns and villages will strengthen more than ever the determination of our people."

*

IN HIS LATEST RADIO ADDRESS WINSTON Churchill responded in some measure to the vehement demands of the British people for reassurance about post-war domestic policies. This demand has been intensified since the debate on the Beveridge Report, which occurred during the Prime Minister's illness. On that occasion ministerial spokesmen created the impression that they were merely paying lip-service to the principles of the Beveridge plan and were intent on using financial and administrative excuses to emasculate it. The solid Conservative majority of the Commons, which has long outlived its mandate, voted its approval, but many younger Tories expressed as much disquiet as Labor and Liberal members. Churchill evidently felt the need of meeting the drive toward social and political reform halfway. He carefully avoided specific commitments, but

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the post-war domestic policy which he outlined was broadly progressive. He spoke approvingly of a four-year plan covering "five or six large measures of a practical character," including "national compulsory insurance for all classes from the cradle to the grave." Other questions which he indicated would have to be tackled by the government after the war were the improvement of agriculture, public health in all its aspects, education as the basis of equal opportunity for all, and reconstruction and replanning of towns and villages. American listeners to his speech probably noticed a distinct similarity between his proposals and those recently put forward by the National Resources Planning Board.

*

THE TROJAN TAX HORSE FASHIONED BY Dr. Beardsley Ruml has been adopted by the House Republicans. Judged by its Gallup form, the steed is a hot favorite with the public, but we hope that before the taxpayers place their bets they will tap its flanks and look it carefully in the mouth. Above all they should ask its sponsors one simple question: If 1942 taxes are forgiven, just what tax rates do you propose for 1943? There has been so much debate about methods of levying income tax that the urgent necessity of increasing its total yield has been almost forgotten. But the fact is that current taxes cover less than one-third of current expenditure, and heavier rates must be levied to reduce the inflationary potential of swollen national income. One of the strongest supporters of Ruml, the New York *World-Telegram,* has met this issue by declaring editorially that "once on the sound basis of taxing current earnings, rather than last year's earnings, Congress can legislate whatever rates are necessary to obtain whatever revenue is required." The question is: On whom would the increased rates fall? At current rates taxes on 1943 individual incomes will yield about $13 billion, while the President has asked for an increase in revenue of $16 billion. We cannot attain this goal simply by doubling everybody's rates, since the upper brackets are already paying more than 50 per cent. It follows, therefore, that the lower brackets will have to pay more than double rates, losing more than they would gain by forgiveness, while taxpayers with really big incomes would suffer but a slight increase in their tax bills, which would only diminish slightly the benefit incurred by the cancelation of their 1942 liability.

*

IN PASSING THE BANKHEAD BILL TO DEFER all farmers from the draft, the Senate has struck a body blow at the War Manpower Commission's effort to work out an integrated man-power policy. Under the law as it now stands, farmers are deferred if they meet certain reasonable production quotas, but these quotas have been set high enough to prevent men from dodging the armed services merely on the pretext of being engaged in farm work. By seeking to extend draft deferment to an entire economic group, the Bankhead bill violates the basic democratic principle of equality of sacrifice upon which our Selective Service system rests. Since essential farm workers are already deferred, the bill cannot even be defended as an aid to food production. Politicians who are more interested in getting reelected than in winning the war will naturally support a bill such as this one, or the Kilday bill for exempting fathers, on the theory that the exempted men will remember them at the next election. For this reason deferment questions would be safer in the hands of the Manpower Commission.

*

A FEW DAYS AGO THE SPANISH DICTATOR redoubled his persecution of the growing political opposition within Spain. A new decree imposes the death penalty for any kind of criticism of the Franco regime. A few days later, as Hitler had done with the S. S., he incorporated the Blue Division, a privately financed volunteer organization, into the Spanish army. He has now delivered to his puppet Cortes a speech of unexampled aggressiveness. It is a speech which every democrat and every State Department official should analyze. The key to its meaning undoubtedly lies in these words: "The war of today is set in terms of long duration . . . but the presence of Russia in one of the groups gives the war in Europe the character of a war unto death." The Spanish Quisling's view is identical with that of Goebbels. He means that Germany is fighting a war in defense of civilization, in defense, that is to say, of Franco. But there is a further meaning to this speech. While he recognizes that his only sure guaranty of survival lies in an Axis victory, Franco is nevertheless appealing to the United States and to Britain. In effect, he is asking as the price of his temporary neutrality that we help him maintain his regime. Taking all this into account, it seems futile to follow a policy of hopeful conciliation of Franco. It seems even more ridiculous, not to say cowardly, to demand of him as the New York *Times* has done, that he earn our help by "leaning a little toward the democratic . . . method of dealing with his people." The essence of Franco's position is that he is a fascist, that he is thoroughly pro-Axis in his foreign policy, and that he is deeply hated by the Spanish people.

*

THE STATE DEPARTMENT HAS MADE A NEW offensive move against the French sailors; it has stopped issuing exit permits with which the "deserters" from the Richelieu were hieing themselves to Canada in order to join the Free French navy. Meanwhile the twelve sailors who were taken into custody as "undesirable aliens" are still sitting on Ellis Island waiting for a hearing on the

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farcical charge of having entered the country illegally. But there is at least a possibility that they will have the last laugh. According to Arthur Garfield Hays, who has taken over the defense, deportable aliens may leave of their own accord for the country of their choice—in which case the French sailors will head as one man for Canada. But even if they wait for the immigration service to direct their departure and their destination, the only country to which they can conceivably be sent is—Canada. The one hitch is that the State Department, which ordered them picked up in the first place, may not flinch at ordering them "deported" back to the Richelieu. Secretary Knox, for his part, has not flinched at insinuating that the "deserters" were partly responsible for the sinking by enemy action of one of the Dakar ships just after it sailed again from New York. This ship, he said, lost eight or ten of her gun crew and was later sunk with her American war cargo. The fact is—and the Free French have the names and figures to prove it—that though five gunners left the ship, seven others, from the Richelieu, were taken on.

*

THE MAJOR ISSUE OF DEMOCRACY AGAINST reaction in the post-war world has been sharply raised in two meetings which are being held this Thursday in New York. In European terms they sum up compactly the conflict of interest and attitude which brought Anthony Eden to America. One meeting, called by the European Council of the Free World Association, expresses the demand for a settlement based on the recognition, first, that "no European reconstruction is possible without the active collaboration of Britain and Soviet Russia," and, second, that "no Nazi, fascist, or semi-fascist state in any form shall be tolerated." The council represents a union of democratic leaders of most of the European groups in exile—including Rustem Vambery of Hungary, Count Sforza of Italy, Charles Davila of Rumania, J. Alvarez del Vayo of Spain, and others of similar outlook. The second meeting is the Fifth Pan-European Conference, officially sponsored by New York University and presided over by our former ambassador to France, William C. Bullitt. But its real motivating force and permanent director is Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, who apparently hopes to revive in this country the pan-European movement he headed on the Continent before the war. In normal times this movement would be unimportant. In the context of the present struggle it presents a challenge which democrats can hardly ignore. For it aims at the exclusion of Soviet Russia from any Continental post-war federation and assigns to Great Britain the role of benevolent spectator. Its leaders talk the language of democratic reconstruction, but their general position is reactionary. The conjunction of the two conferences provides a dramatic pre-view of the coming struggle for power is post-war Europe.

AN EFFORT TO GIVE REAL EQUALITY TO Negroes has backfired in the National Federation of Business and Professional Women at a most unfortunate moment. The federation's Midtown Club of New York has brought suit against the New York State Federation charging that the club's charter was revoked because it had the temerity to admit two prominent Negro professional women to its membership. Although the executives of the federation declare that the issuing of the charter was a "clerical error," the fact that the "error" was discovered immediately after the Midtown Club had refused to exclude its Negro members has not been denied. Pressure is also known to have been brought against another of the federation's clubs to persuade it to exclude Negroes. How a great national women's organization, presumed to be established on democratic principles, could permit Hitler-like doctrines of racialism to intrude themselves in the midst of a war against just such doctrines remains to be explained.

Notice to Our Readers

SOME weeks ago I announced the reorganization of *The Nation* as a non-profit membership corporation. I described the financial difficulties which war-time prices had created and the need of raising funds to secure the journal's life over the next few years. This week I want to make a brief progress report. Following the paper's reorganization a letter was written to our full-term subscribers asking them to become members of Nation Associates and appealing for contributions. Not all the letters have yet been mailed, but the response to those already sent has been so generous and so prompt that I feel certain even now that *The Nation's* immediate future is secure. And our subscribers have demonstrated their feeling of partnership in *The Nation* by something more than contributions. Hundreds of letters have brought messages of confidence and support that will be a continuing encouragement to the editors. This experience shows clearly that *The Nation* is recognized by a large proportion of its readers not only as an old and valued journal of opinion but as a necessary weapon in today's political fight.

To all our readers I want to say: *The Nation* will come through its financial difficulties. To those subscribers who have so generously contributed both encouragement and funds, I want to express the deep appreciation of *The Nation's* staff and to assure them that they will hear from me individually as soon as we are able to catch up with the deluge of correspondence our campaign has happily created. Upon those who have yet to fill out their membership blanks and send their checks, I urge prompt action, since *The Nation's* sustaining fund is still far from complete. As soon as we know the final results of the appeal, a full report will be published in this column.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

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Approaches to Russia

EVENTS of the past two weeks have put an end to the curious notion that it would be wise to sneak through the war without ever coming to grips with the peace; that it would somehow be healthy to dodge divisive issues—as though they would be less divisive if unmentioned—until the last shot is fired and chaos confronts us. In the sudden ferment of concern for the peace a resolution has been introduced in the United States Senate calling for effective collaboration with the other United Nations after the war; the British Prime Minister has devoted nearly the whole of a major address to the post-war problems of his country; a blueprint for an American peace-time economy drawn up by the National Resources Planning Board has been sent to Congress by the President; a proposal for a series of international conferences in the near future has been presented by Sumner Welles; and Foreign Minister Anthony Eden has arrived in this country to pave the way for political understandings among the major powers of the United Nations.

Now that the peace of the world is no longer the almost exclusive concern of Vice-President Wallace and Wendell Willkie, certain fundamental issues have emerged and may be dealt with in the open instead of being allowed to fester in the dark. Towering above all other questions and in a sense dictating their solution is the question of Anglo-American relations with the Soviet Union. The problem has many facets, and for the moment the issue is being presented to us as a choice between a system of "regional responsibilities" and the kind of collective security implied in the Atlantic Charter. Things are seldom what they seem, however, and a glance at the opposing forces will show that the terms are probably misleading.

Precipitating the question is the growing dispute over Russian boundary claims as set forth in the article by Vassili Soukhomline elsewhere in this issue. Putting aside for the moment the specific merits or fallacies of the Russian claims to the Baltic states and parts of Finland, Poland, and Rumania, let us look at the conflicting approaches to the problem. The London *Times*, spokesman for a large section of British opinion, official and unofficial, taking the position that "security in Eastern Europe is unattainable unless it is buttressed by the military power of Russia," calls for "the joint and continuous vigilance of Britain and Russia" on the Continent and concedes to Russia "the same right as her allies [enjoy] to judge for herself of the conditions which she deems necessary for the security of her frontiers." In short, say the critics of this view, Russia would dictate the political pattern of Eastern Europe, with England and the United States performing similar functions in their respective spheres of influence. This position, whether or not it is an extreme interpretation of the *Times* editorial, has been repudiated by Mr. Eden. But there is no doubt that so far as any redrawing of the map of Eastern Europe is concerned, it is the position of the Soviet Union—and Eden is here primarily to promote a better understanding between the Soviets and the United States.

In general the *Times* editorial has had a sour reception in this country. Some of the opposition has come from legitimate champions of collective security who see in the *Times* thesis a revival of the balance-of-power doctrine, with Russia replacing France as England's ally on the Continent and any real international mechanism for maintaining peace already headed for the drainpipe. However, the most significant, meaning official, opposition, we believe, comes from those who would oppose to the regional approach the idea of a *cordon sanitaire* about the Soviet Union. This would be achieved by fostering anti-Soviet and anti-democratic groups in the Baltic countries and in Central Europe which with the coming of the peace would organize their states along reactionary social lines and would together form an anti-Russian bloc—all in the name of self-determination and the Atlantic Charter. As Blair Bolles points out in another article in these pages, this is the view which Mr. Eden encountered in the "Berle corner" of the State Department, and it is perfectly in keeping with the department's traditional attitude toward Russia. Sumner Welles, it is fair to say, is reliably reported to be in sharp dissent.

If "regional responsibility" and "collective security," then, have become blinds respectively for balance of power and *cordon sanitaire*, what hope is there for an equitable solution of Russia's boundary problem? We think that Mr. Soukhomline simplifies the question by merely advancing Russia's historical claim to the Baltic states. It is true that they were wrested by force from the Soviet Union after the First World War, but so was Alsace-Lorraine from Germany. The principle of right by previous conquest is hardly valid under the Atlantic Charter. The military case made out by Mr. Soukhomline rests on firmer ground, but that brings us to the heart of the question. If the world is to be organized on a basis of genuine collective security, Russia need have no great concern for bases at Reval, Riga, and the islands of Oesel and Dago. That "if" is the all-important word. It means that only those who are prepared to see this country go all out for international machinery, complete with armed force as well as economic weapons, can ask the Russians to forgo whatever strategic boundaries they can attain by force of arms. Russia's interests, as the *Times* points out, "will be best served if the lands between her frontiers and those of Germany are held by governments and peoples friendly to herself," and "that

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is one condition on which Russia must and will insist." Whether we like it or not, Russia is going to be in a position to do some insisting in that part of the world. With or without collective security, the only chance these border states have to preserve their integrity is to forget their scheming little diplomats and come to terms with the one power that can offer them, if it will, a Good Neighbor relationship. As Walter Lippmann suggested more than a month ago, such an arrangement would be their salvation, while for Russia it would be "the wisdom of the strong."

Feed Europe's Children

THE time has come to do something for the hungry children of Europe. Everyone is hungry in Europe, but the peril of hunger to the children of occupied nations has reached monstrous proportions. Poland, where the need is undoubtedly greatest of all, is unfortunately beyond the reach of our aid. Greece, fortunately, is now obtaining a modicum of help. Belgium, Norway, and France are probably in greatest need at the moment. Belgium imported 70 per cent of its food in peace time. It has not only lost these imports but has been despoiled by the Germans of some of its home-grown food. According to reliable authorities, the food rations of Belgium are but a third of minimum health requirements; and even these rations are only theoretical since many families are unable to buy the amount allotted. Tuberculosis has consequently increased eightfold in that unhappy country. The condition of the children is appalling.

It will be remembered that Herbert Hoover proposed to feed occupied Europe as early as 1940. At that time those who believed in the necessity of an Allied victory opposed his proposals, almost unanimously. They quite understood the cruelty of the choice which the conditions of war forced upon us, but they also knew that occupied Europe could not be fed without giving a lion's share to the Nazis, thus robbing hard-pressed Britain of the weapon of the blockade. Since that time conditions have changed. Britain is no longer so hard pressed, and we have become a full partner in the conflict, thus obviating the peril to Anglo-American relations which the proposal involved at the earlier date. It is nevertheless inadvisable to support Mr. Hoover's current plans, for they still envisage a general feeding program which not only the shipping situation but the total strategic requirements of the war render dubious if not impossible. This is not the only case in which the necessities of war run counter to generous impulses.

But the situation is so desperate that a way must be found to offer such aid as will not contribute to a prolongation of the war. In this exigency certain church leaders of Britain and America, all of whom have consistently supported the war from the beginning, have united in an appeal to their respective governments that limited quantities of dried milk and vitamins be shipped to the children of the occupied nations and to the nursing mothers. In the case of Belgium the proposal involves 500 tons of milk a month and 500 tons of vitamins a year. The distribution would be in the hands of the International Red Cross. There is reason to believe that sufficient ship tonnage can be made available for this enterprise, and the money is also at hand. What is required now is the consent of reluctant but not unsympathetic governments. The sympathy of high government authorities on both sides is prompted by both humanitarian and strategic motives. There is, however, still some reluctance, due to various factors, of which the chief seems to be nothing more than tactical inflexibility.

In this situation the public should take a hand and prod the government by expressing the general sentiment in favor of relief for the children. Since, in this case, what we can do is bound to be little, it is important that it be not too late.

Wages and Prices

FIGHTING on the inflation front flared up with unusual intensity this past week end, with the complete defeat of the anti-inflation program a very real prospect. As if by prearrangement by the enemy, attacks on the program have come simultaneously from three quarters. Seizing the opportunity when many members of the House were absent, the farm bloc pushed through the Pace bill for increasing farm prices by including farm labor in calculating "parity" prices. The Senate Finance Committee, meanwhile, approved a measure designed to rescind the President's executive order freezing salaries, after taxes, at $25,000. And John L. Lewis pushed his demand for a $2-a-day rise in the wages of bituminous miners to the point where federal intervention in the dispute seemed inescapable.

The plain fact of the matter is that inflation is already here. Prices are rising steadily at the rate of at least one-half of 1 per cent a month. Price Administrator Brown has frankly recognized this fact in several statements, and has said that his efforts will be confined to slowing this advance as much as possible and to preventing any one set of prices from getting wholly out of hand. Should the Pace bill be enacted into law, food prices—already far ahead of other prices—would skyrocket, and the demands for wage and salary revision would be so numerous, and so violent, that it would be impossible for any government agency to handle them. It would then become imperative for the War Labor Board to reverse its decision to stand by the Little Steel formula. Even now some adjustment to the rise in prices seems overdue.

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John L. Lewis is not bluffing when he declares that unless some sort of agreement is reached, his miners will not "trespass" on mine property after April 1. Although his demand for a $2-a-day increase is excessive, the failure of the Administration to stabilize living costs plays into his hands. Moreover, there is some merit in the United Mine Workers' demand that miners be paid from portal to portal, instead of merely for the time spent after arriving at the mine face, although today's hourly scale of mine wages presumably takes this system into account to some extent.

It would probably be fairly easy to work out a compromise with Lewis on the matter of the U. M. W. demand for a change in the basis of pay if it were not for the necessity of integrating the settlement into a permanent wage policy applicable to current wage demands. A method of adjusting the Little Steel formula must be found quickly. The revised prescription—which may come to be called the bituminous-coal formula—would have to be elastic enough to permit a fair increase in mine wages without opening the way for an immediate increase in all wage scales. The A. F. of L. members of the War Labor Board have asked a "realistic wage policy" which would involve adjusting the 15 per cent allowance for increased cost of living to a figure "based on the actual cost of living to the worker." The employer delegates object to this approach to the problem on the ground that weekly wages, not hourly wage rates, ought to be taken as the basis for comparison with cost-of-living figures; and in fact the worker's economic well-being is determined by his total income rather than his hourly rates. But as most of the increase in weekly wages is due to overtime work, labor firmly insists that the hourly rather than the weekly wage rate is the only fair standard of comparison. Some reconciliation between these two points of view is highly desirable in revising the formula.

Although the specific terms of the new wage formula will have to be worked out in negotiation, the principles on which it should be based seem fairly obvious. An effort should be made to revise the Wages and Hours Act to provide as much protection at today's prices as was provided by the minimum-wage scale in effect before the war. This would provide a "floor" for real wages. So that no section of the working population shall suffer unfairly at the expense of other sections of the population with greater political influence, provision might also be made for automatic increases in pay every time the cost-of-living index rises five points. But as a basis for this computation, equal weight might be given to changes in the weekly and the hourly wage rates. While the working out of a precise formula embodying these principles will be one of the most difficult tasks that the WLB has yet faced, we do not believe that it is beyond the demonstrated capabilities of Chairman William H. Davis and the other "public" members of the board.

The Battle of Martinique

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE story begins soon after the fall of France, when the new Vichy government established as High Commissioner of all French possessions in the Americas Admiral Georges Robert, a good solid reactionary and follower of the Marshal. The Admiral set up a dictatorial rule in Martinique and suppressed with ruthless efficiency all pro-Ally or De Gaullist agitation. Opponents were put into concentration camps on Martinique and Guadeloupe or shipped off to the prison colony in French Guiana. Refugees from Europe were interned.

The State Department's first agreement with Robert was made in 1940. Its details have never been published, but apparently it provided that in return for our guaranty that Vichy control over American French possessions would continue undisturbed, Admiral Robert was to immobilize the three French warships in the harbor of Fort de France, a considerable quantity of French gold, and a consignment of American planes which, when the armistice was signed, had just reached Martinique en route to France. Since our warships constantly patrol the waters around Martinique, and our planes the sky over it, this concession was perhaps less the result of good-will than necessity. Robert was hardly in a position to challenge the American Caribbean fleet.

Then in July, 1941, came the surrender of Indo-China to the Japanese. This demonstration of Vichy's thraldom to the Axis provoked the State Department to the extreme step of opening new negotiations with Robert. Rumors that Nazi submarines were being fueled from the French islands were denied in Washington, and since our navy was on guard it is not likely that they were true. But it is easier to blockade the shores of an island than the air waves that flow from it. All the time Robert was holding conversations with our representatives, his radio station was pouring out anti-British, pro-Vichy propaganda; it was straight Axis stuff, and it reached all the French-speaking areas of this hemisphere. If we tried to stop this poisonous flood, we failed. And we also failed to win from the Commissioner General a single new concession. The warships and planes and gold remained immobilized, but the fleet of merchant ships which we hoped to get hold of remained immobilized too.

Then came the incident of St. Pierre and Miquelon. When those islands were taken out of Vichy control by the Fighting French, Mr. Hull angrily protested the coup. And it became clear that the basis of his opposition was to be found not only in our Vichy policy as a whole but in our deal with Robert. We had pledged ourselves to back his control of French possessions in the Western Hemisphere, and the Free French had forcibly turned

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that pledge into the scrap of paper it deserved to be.

A new flurry of negotiation blew up in May last year, after Laval took power in France. Our government, in the words of the New York *Times*, "distrusted" Laval, and it expressed this bold attitude by opening new conversations with Robert, conducted by Admiral Hoover. We asked only such terms as could be accorded by Robert "with honor." But at the same time we apparently made it clear that we would deal only with Robert himself, not with Laval. Since all previous negotiations had also been with Robert, this proviso made sense only if it was to be observed by both sides. But Admiral Robert referred all our proposals to Laval and declined to give any answer until they were approved in Vichy. Our defiance was strictly a one-sided affair. And the agreement was obviously not approved in Vichy because negotiations were still going on five months later when our troops landed in North Africa and we finally broke off relations with Pétain's government.

We didn't break them off with Martinique, however. On the contrary, Mr. Hull told a press conference just after the American landings that negotiations "had reached a point where announcement of a comprehensive solution could be expected at an early date." This happy prospect was momentarily clouded by a proclamation issued by Robert appealing to all people in his domains to obey Marshal Pétain and attacking Darlan, who had just moved over to our side, for "exceeding his powers."

But no sour notes were allowed to break the harmonious accord with which the State Department and most of the press greeted the triumph of appeasement. While skeptics like ourselves were invited to eat their words, the State Department officially announced on November 21 that a satisfactory agreement had at last been reached in Martinique between Samuel Reber, the department's representative, and Admiral Robert, who had at last "detached himself wholly" from the Vichy government. (It was now admitted for the first time that hitherto the Admiral had "gone through the motions" of reporting negotiations and submitting proposals to Vichy.) The text of the "satisfactory agreement" wasn't published, but Mr. Hull announced happily that it marked the successful culmination of the negotiations initiated the previous May.

But even the most optimistic assertions couched in the most ponderous prose have a hollow sound when nothing ever happens to bear them out. Nothing happened in Martinique. Nothing. And the extent of the nothingness was treated as a diplomatic secret for another three months or so. Then, very casually, Pertinax mentioned in an article in the New York *Times* on February 19 that "at the eleventh hour in November Admiral Robert refused to append his signature to the treaty that Samuel Reber of the American State Department had been discussing with him for fully six months." Admiral Robert, Pertinax pointed out, considered that the United States had invaded French North Africa, that Darlan was a traitor, and that he, Robert, was more than ever obligated to support his Marshal. Robert's obvious calculation, said Pertinax, was that no forcible steps would be taken against him by the United States.

But perhaps in the end they will be. Mr. Welles says that owing to Admiral Robert's uncooperative attitude no food has gone to Martinique since last November—when the State Department announced the definite conclusion of the "satisfactory agreement." Mr. Welles's statement, however, is denied by Representative Morrison of Louisiana, who insists that only the other day sailors on the French ship Guadeloupe went on strike rather than carry more foodstuffs to pro-Vichy Martinique. The food situation there is desperate. Natives who can escape are leaving for neighboring islands in small boats, and discontent is rising. So far the diplomatic situation is unchanged. "Conversations" are still going on—presumably at the same crisp pace as during the past nearly three years—and the State Department is still waiting for some "affirmative program" of cooperation with the United States in prosecuting the war. No threats have been made. But the heart has gone out of the affair.

And now, to complete its collapse, French Guiana has suddenly, and peaceably, broken away from Admiral Robert and announced its adhesion to Fighting France. After a first announcement that the colony had declared for Giraud, word came that a De Gaullist acting governor had been chosen, to be replaced by Maurice Bertaut, now chief administrator of Free French colonies in Africa, as soon as he arrives from the Cameroons. It is not expected that the United States, at this hour of crumbling faith, will try to dislodge the rebels against Robert. The story of St. Pierre and Miquelon will not be repeated. We may even hope that the remaining supporters of appeasement will finally surrender and allow decency and common sense to take charge.

Martinique and Guadeloupe guard the southern approaches to the Panama Canal. There are no more important islands in the whole Caribbean chain of defenses. They have remained long enough in the hands of our enemies. The time has come to call off the hypocritical pretense that we were slowly winning the cooperation of their Vichy ruler. We have won nothing we needed to bargain for. Robert has yielded nothing he hoped to keep. Pro-Allied political prisoners are still in jail; anti-Allied political propaganda still goes out over the Martinique radio; Robert still holds the merchant ships, the warships, the planes, and the gold. The endless negotiations have been a farce. The claims of success issued by the State Department have been a series of deceptions. The time has come to call the game off.

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The Farm Bloc Goes to War

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 22

THE farm bloc is on its way to wrecking both Selective Service and price control. The Senate last week passed the Bankhead-Johnson bill to provide blanket deferment of farm workers. The House approved the Pace bill to include in parity prices all increases in farm labor costs since the base period 1909-14. The latter, if it is passed by the Senate, as is probable, will add another billion dollars to the nation's food bill. The former will certainly pass the House, and probably run into a Presidential veto. Unless the veto is sustained by Congress, the Bankhead-Johnson bill is likely to open the door to a series of special deferment measures that may have serious consequences for the conduct of the war. The farm problem is here again.

At the outset it is useful to correct a few misconceptions. The farmer, by and large, is not so badly off as he is said to be. Whatever the woes of the smaller farmer, for the man or corporation with capital agriculture has never been a more profitable business than it is today. Studies made by the OPA show that from 1939 to 1942 farm prices increased two and a half times as much as wage costs per unit of output and four times as much as total costs per unit of output. The big farmer and the middle farmer can well afford to give the hired man a raise. In agriculture as in industry there has been increased mechanization, and labor costs per unit have fallen. In 1942 the output per farm worker was 23 per cent greater than in 1939 and 78 per cent greater than in the base period 1909-14. The man with the hoe is receding into the past with Longfellow's smith.

The year just past was the best year in the history of American agriculture. Production was 13 per cent better than in 1941. Per capita farm income was 116 per cent above 1939 in terms of dollars and 72 per cent above in terms of purchasing power. In the same period the farmer's share of the consumer's dollar rose 27 per cent, and the rate of return on the farmer's investment went from 4.2 per cent in 1939 to the highest on record, 13.4 per cent, in 1942. Government bounty kept pace with the upward curve of war prosperity. Government payments to farmers in 1942 were $697,000,000, or almost one-fifth more than in 1941.

The farmer has done much better in this war than in the last. In the last war rising prices for the things the farmer had to buy took back his increased income from the things he had to sell, and he was left to face the post-war deflation with a greatly expanded indebtedness. From 1914 to 1919 farm indebtedness rose 60 per cent; from 1939 to 1942 it rose 1 per cent. The farmer's cash income in 1942 was 7 per cent greater than in 1919, the best year of the last war period, and net income of farm operators was 46 per cent greater. These percentages are based on figures in dollars. When the dollars are translated into terms of purchasing power, one can see how greatly the farmer has benefited from the price control he is doing his best to destroy. In terms of purchasing power, cash income in 1942 was not 7 but 40 per cent over 1919, and net income was not 11 but 46 per cent greater. By contrast, the price increases in the last war were largely illusion. Between 1914 and 1919 the rise in net income per capita on the farm was 128 per cent in terms of dollars but only 13 per cent in terms of what the dollar would buy. The farm bloc seems intent on putting the dollar on the toboggan again.

These figures are intended to refute the Weeping Willies of the Farm Bureau Federation, the stuffed shirts of the Grange, and the puppets of the great dairy cooperatives. They are not intended to give sustenance to complacency. For behind the rising profit curves and the glowing averages are hidden wide areas of rural misery. Our growing army, military and industrial, has been reducing the quantity and quality of farm labor at a time when we must prepare to feed the world. The farm problem is far from being synthetic, but the real problem is only in part the one over which the farm bloc is exercised. The big farmer—the dairy business man, the planter, and the corporate grower-processor—with whose welfare the so-called farm bloc is primarily concerned, are out to do exactly what their counterparts in manufacturing and mining want to do—sell the idea that the way to get increased production is to allow increased prices. The farm bloc is more successful because a corporation looks more appealing in overalls than in a silk hat.

Unfortunately, in agriculture as in industry experience has demonstrated that we cannot rely on the price mechanism of the classic free market to mobilize facilities for a total effort in a total war. In the last war, for example, farm prices rose 111 per cent in 1914-19, but production increased only 6 per cent. It takes planning and direction to expand output on the farm, as it does in the mine and factory, and it takes social vision. Left to itself, big agriculture will gravitate naturally to the profitable rather than the useful crop. There is a boom in tobacco; returns to the tobacco farmer last year were almost twice the 1934-38 average, and expanded ciga-

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rette production eats into supplies of sugar, glycerin, and diethylene glycol. Government warehouses are providing a rich market for short-staple cotton, of which we have a huge surplus. Last August the government owned 10,455,000 bales. Maybe we can sell it to Japan when the war is over.

Kilgore of West Virginia, in an able address on the floor of the Senate last Tuesday, indicated what a little planning could do for the farm problem. On the basis of our 1943 production goals, we will devote 1,024,000,000 man-hours on the farm to short-staple cotton and 308,000,000 man-hours to tobacco. By comparison we will give 228,000,000 man-hours to wheat and 1,300,000,000 to corn. Of total man-hours in agriculture, only 2.7 per cent will go to truck and garden crops; 1 per cent to sugar beets; 2.4 per cent to white potatoes; 1.5 per cent to soy beans; 3.4 per cent to peanuts. The production of munitions has cut into the production of fertilizer. Tobacco and cotton are using a third of our fertilizer. "I have frequently been told," Senator Kilgore said, "that we must grow short-staple cotton and plenty of it, in order to obtain the necessary vegetable oil from the cotton seed . . . it takes more acreage to produce oil from cotton than from any other crop which is oil producing." It takes one and one-third to one and one-half acres of cotton and 132 man-hours of work to produce 100 pounds of oil from cotton. It takes from five-tenths to six-tenths of an acre and 6½ man-hours to get the same yield from soy beans. The farm labor shortage is in part a shortage in social planning and social intelligence.

There are three solutions to the farm problem. One is to stop raising high-labor-cost crops we don't need and switch to low-labor-cost crops we do need. This would cost the farm bloc money. The second is to provide the poor farmer, who now does little more than scratch the earth for subsistence, with the capital that would make it possible for him to produce for the market. This is the FSA's function, and the FSA is marked for the guillotine. The trouble with the FSA, as Lambertson of Kansas said very frankly on the floor of the House a year ago, is that it turns farm laborers—and potential farm laborers—into independent farmers. The third solution is to better the condition of farm labor. This also finds no favor with the farm bloc. The Farm Bureau-inspired Cannon resolution to recruit labor for the farm provides dourly that nothing shall be done under it "directly or indirectly to fix, regulate, or impose minimum wages or housing standards, to regulate hours of work, or to impose or enforce collective bargaining."

The mind of the big farmer and the mind of the brass hat work the same way, though their function and interest push them in different directions. Both would substitute compulsion for intelligent planning. The big farmer wants a compulsory deferment of all farm workers, whatever the cost to the war effort; the brass hat wants compulsory service, at whatever cost in morale. Better utilization of labor and facilities is the real answer. But this answer requires the subordination of private interest and judgment to the necessities of the war.

"It seems to me," Pepper of Florida said to the Senate Wednesday in his lonely fight against the Bankhead-Johnson bill, "that the great difficulty with our whole war program is that too often we have approached it piecemeal." This is, indeed, the basic defect of our war effort, and it springs from the habits developed in an over-individualistic society. The farm-labor problem is only one aspect of the man-power problem, and the army chiefs have helped create it by grabbing for men in the spirit of a manufacturer grabbing for markets. Concentrating on their immediate problem, the heads of the army and navy have allowed the man-power program, as Maloney of Connecticut said, "to grow like Topsy on one side of a Chinese wall" while the production program grew up on the other. "Either," Senator Maloney urged, "we must merge them harmoniously into one program to keep the civilian economy working—and feeding and supplying our mammoth army—or the conflict between the production and the man-power programs will tear the economy apart and prevent us from supplying our army."

Lack of such an over-all program and war authority, with definite policies on occupational deferment, is a threat to the armed services, though they have been the chief opponents of such a program. Bankhead wants to defer all farmers; Downey all transportation workers; Kilday all fathers. Bankhead and Bushfield have a new bill which would go farther and furlough farmers now in the army so they can plant and harvest their crops. With wise planning, the large army the War Department wants is within our power; lack of planning is finding a reflection in defeatist thinking. Pepper and Kilgore sought unsuccessfully to head off the Bankhead-Johnson bill with an amended and simplified version of the Pepper-Kilgore-Tolan bill which would make over-all planning possible and give the war effort centralized direction. But though they won the support of such Republicans as Vandenberg, Austin, and Danaher, the Administration leaders gave them the cold shoulder, and there were but nine votes—the others were Murdock, O'Mahoney, Thomas of Utah, and Tunnell—for their substitute measure. Though planning of this kind is the only hope of fighting off these disastrous blanket deferment measures and supporting a great army, a curious cabal in which the military bureaucracy and Administration leaders joined hands with Reynolds and Wheeler was formed last month to fight the Pepper-Kilgore-Tolan measure. It took the bill from the Senate Labor and Education Committee and handed it over to the unfriendly Military Affairs Committee. Of what use to talk of post-war planning if we cannot bring ourselves even to plan the war?

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What Eden Is After

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Washington, March 20

A RELIABLE report from the British embassy says that Anthony Eden is pleased with the way his talks in the United States are going. This is good news. Eden came here seeking, above all, a permanent basis for American-British friendship. From the British point of view, this requires that America should be willing to play a role in world politics when peace ends its role in the world war. Eden pleased means that Eden has found reason to hope that the permanent basis will in time be established.

It has been possible lately to apply to United States diplomacy the epithet Winston Churchill invented for Russia—"an enigma wrapped in a mystery." In working for the smooth development of Anglo-American relations Eden has been hampered by ignorance of this country's intentions: did it want continued close cooperation with Britain after the war? Words about post-war aims flowed from Secretary of State Hull, Under Secretary Welles, and Vice-President Wallace, but deeds did not follow words. The Administration preached global morality, but did it want global responsibility? Was President Roosevelt satisfied with enunciating the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter, or did he view those great statements as the foundation for an active American internationalism? Eden hoped, it is reported, that by going to Washington he could lure American foreign policy from its dim shadows.

Washington's vagueness in foreign policy is the vagueness of indecision, and Eden in the 1930's learned that indecision was calamity's herald. The dictators knew what they wanted, but the democracies could not make up their minds about how to keep the dictators from getting what they wanted. International political action invariably was postponed until political action was too late. For five years Eden observed from the inside the results of indecision in foreign affairs. Now he believes in action taken in time. He believes the United States should make a decision for the coming days of peace.

It is known that Eden came with many items on his agenda. He has seen Secretary of War Stimson and Secretary of the Navy Knox on military affairs. The groundwork has been laid for concrete discussion later of American use of island bases under British control in the Pacific. The first steps have been taken on the long road toward an understanding about commercial air routes. American-Chinese relations, excellent as they already were, have been bettered by an improvement in British-Chinese relations brought about by Eden's sincere assurance to T. V. Soong, the Chinese Foreign Minister, whose headquarters are in Washington, that Great Britain means to reopen the Burma road and free Chinese soil from the enemy. For the past twelve years Great Britain has been steadily falling in Chinese esteem. Now Eden has set about reversing this process.

In the White House Eden and President Roosevelt have talked about the questions on which American policy has been most enigmatic—Russia and France. The British Foreign Secretary wants a strong France in the post-war world so that England will have a useful friend in Western Europe. He has adopted a formal plan for cooperation with Russia. On these matters Great Britain and the United States diverge somewhat, though they are not definitely at odds. Within the Administration there are a dozen opinions about Russia, ranging from the advocacy of friendship by Harry Hopkins and Henry Wallace to the apprehension of the Office of Strategic Services and the Berle corner in the State Department. The only policy followed has been that of sending up trial balloons. Washington has been afraid to come to grips with the problem of Russia.

The Eden conversations about Russia have turned on the current difficulty of the Polish-Russian border. The British, out of gratitude to the Red Army, are said to be willing to let the Soviet Union have the Baltic states and eastern Poland, while the United States maintains that the future status of those regions is a problem to be decided on principle when the war is over. The praise President Roosevelt gave the Chinese in a press conference for their renunciation of territorial claims against Thailand was a mild warning to Russia on Poland and the Baltic. In the disagreement between the United States and Russia about what territory Russia should claim now, the Russophobes see reason for haughtiness toward Moscow. This is the summit of illogic. The only way the United States can uphold its views respecting Poland and the Baltic states is by establishing a system of lasting cooperation with Russia. An aloof America will not be heard in Moscow. The British regard Russia's territorial claims in Eastern Europe as reflections of its concern about security and defense. The question posed for Washington by Eden's presence is whether the United States will give Russia the better assurance of security that would come from a friendly understanding.

From the day General de Gaulle arrived in England, the British and American governments have had their

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separate views about him and about France. Washington embraced Vichy and since 1940 has smiled on every variety of Frenchmen except the tough breed that followed De Gaulle. The British, though they found the General difficult, came to admire him and have treated him fairly. In Washington, however, for more than a year the De Gaulle representative was admitted to the State Department only after dark; quarters for the De Gaulle delegation were found by the British embassy; the niece of Ambassador Halifax obtained publicity for it.

By the time Eden decided to visit the United States this strange American attitude was hindering the orderly development of his hopes for the post-war world. Distaste for De Gaulle made it easy for Washington to welcome Admiral Darlan, Marcel Peyrouton, and General Noguès as American allies in the job of beating the Germans and freeing France. French fears and dissensions threatened all Eden's planning. The strong France Eden wants when peace comes is a distant prospect so long as Frenchmen outside their country quarrel. Washington and London disagreed even about why the French quarreled. London thought all honest Frenchmen were naturally protesting against the Allies' dealings with dishonest Frenchmen. Washington insisted that the clamor was the work of a De Gaullist claque.

The British view, since it was the correct view, was gaining acceptance at the White House and State Department even before Eden's arrival. The Administration had secretly sent to North Africa an agent who was largely responsible for inducing General Giraud to relax the Vichy laws and thus prepare the way for a meeting between him and De Gaulle. Still mysterious, however, the Administration conceals the identity of this agent and refuses to admit that it was wrong in encouraging relations with the Vichy system in Africa and in raising Vichy men to power. The chastisement of the Richelieu sailors is further evidence of the Administration's determination to remain enigmatic in foreign policy; evidence, too, that while it may learn to dislike the heirs of Vichy it will only slowly, if ever, come to like De Gaulle.

The enigma of American policy toward France and Frenchmen is inherent in the enigmatic policy of "expediency." Here, again, London and Washington diverge. London learned after Munich that lives saved by expediency today are sacrificed a hundredfold tomorrow. Having apparently learned nothing from expediency in Africa, the Administration has been toying with the

BRITISH BOGEY
Mr. Churchill's indisposition is not serious. What was thought to be a germ proved to be only a german.—
OFFICIAL BULLETIN
LOW

THE PATIENT IS IMMUNE

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idea of laying the groundwork for expediency in Italy and Central Europe. One of Eden's jobs over here has been to point out the dangers of such a course. Hungary is an excellent test-tube for expediency, and some officials active in foreign affairs have been tempted by it. Nicholas Horthy, the Regent of Hungary, is an accomplished despot who saved his skin by going to work for Hitler. The strongest man in Hungary, he looks attractive to naive officials who think that realism in international relations has its best expression in deals with such toadies. The channel from Horthy to Washington is open; the American Hungarian Federation, praised in Horthy's Hungary, has its place in a program to explain Horthy's Hungary to the outside world. When the federation held a meeting in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on January 31, the big moment was the reading of a letter of praise from A. A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State.

Expediency really only mirrors the general indecisiveness that chains Washington. England is better able to make political decisions because it has Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary. The Prime Minister of Great Britain and the President of the United States both devote almost all their attention to the conduct of the war. They can give small thought to political matters unrelated to today's campaigns. The British Foreign Secretary, however, has seized the initiative and evolved his own plan of political action for peace. He has reason to believe that he will become Prime Minister, and this belief gives him the courage to be independent. The Secretary of State in the President's Cabinet, on the other hand, must wait for a word from above before launching a policy, for Mr. Hull is a hesitant man. Under Secretary Welles is a man of action but too low in the official hierarchy to inaugurate major policy. The President makes his own contribution to America's mysterious diplomacy by including Myron Taylor among his regular advisers on post-war problems. What Myron Taylor says when he visits the Vatican as the President's special envoy has always been carefully withheld from the American public. Perhaps Anthony Eden in his many talks at the White House has been able to learn the facts about Taylor. At any rate, those talks must have forced Mr. Roosevelt to consider the need for definite post-war political thinking now. And he must have received another push in this direction from the public applause for the famous resolution of Senators Ball, Burton, Hill, and Hatch.

The British are not without fault in foreign relations. They invented the Spanish policy which the United States assiduously follows. They are stubborn on India, where the State Department, without saying so publicly, thinks they could take steps which would allay some of the political passions disturbing India. But they are headed in the right direction.

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

RUSSIAN SIGNATURES have been attached to a treaty of peace at Brest-Litovsk, and the Allies confront a situation which calls for the highest wisdom, caution, and resolution. Not that we need special insight to understand the German purpose. This is now as plain as day. The disappearance of Russia as a military power is to be followed by the crushing of the Revolution. The Revolution is to be encompassed on all sides by fortresses of reaction garrisoned by German influence. German militarism has flung a challenge to the moral sentiment of the world. . . . Russia must be saved for the community of free nations.—*March 7, 1918.*

IN REAFFIRMING Mooney's death sentence the Supreme Court of California evaded what looks to the outsider like its responsibility by basing itself on a question of jurisdiction. . . . With the nation aroused over what seemed palpable evidence of persecution in the original trial, with large sections of labor so bitter that Secretary Wilson's commission recommended some interference with the sentence as almost imperative, with opinion in Russia vehemently protesting, the court has spent its time looking for "errors in the record." —*March 7, 1918.*

UPTON SINCLAIR'S—A Monthly Magazine—For a Clean Peace and the Internation. (Advt.)—*March 7, 1918.*

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION [of Los Angeles] has unanimously condemned the debating of peace in the . . . schools. A group of seven high schools . . . on March 1 debated the subject: "Resolved, that the nations of the world should adopt the program of the League to Enforce Peace." This so incensed the members of the school board that they passed the resolution above mentioned and gave the Superintendent of Schools power to suppress peace discussion.—*March 14, 1918.*

GERMAN AIR RAIDERS attacked London and Paris during the week. In London eleven were killed and forty-six wounded on the night of March 7. . . . On the night of March 8 German aviators raided Paris in the greatest raid of the war there. . . . In this attack thirteen were killed and fifty hurt. The British bombed the Daimler motor works in Stuttgart and dropped bombs on Tourcoing.—*March 14, 1918.*

THE BOOK SENSATION of the Year: "Oscar Wilde, His Life and Confessions," by Frank Harris, with "Memories of Oscar Wilde," by Bernard Shaw. "An excellent biography, intimate, sympathetic, yet rigidly honest."—H. L. Mencken, in *Smart Set.* "A candid, revealing, and noble piece of literature. A book more important than anything Wilde ever did." —Floyd Dell, in the *Masses.* (Advt.)—*March 28, 1918.*

PRESIDENT WILSON has asked boys to enlist for farm work, while the Departments of Labor and of Agriculture are making every effort to remove the labor shortage that may endanger the spring crops and later harvest.—*March 28, 1918.*

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Nazis Can Be Made Over

BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL

CAN the world reasonably expect the German people to become free and responsible before the present generation of Hitler-educated youth has become aged, or died off—many decades from now? Can the millions of young men and women who have been scientifically shaped to Nazism's mental and emotional requirements ever be de-educated? I believe they can be, and that they will be much more swiftly than one might fairly expect. Nor is my belief, or hope, based on any wishful misapprehension concerning the thoroughness of the indoctrination.

Hitler youth has been drilled to Nazism in brain, heart, and muscle—especially muscle. The basic technique of Nazi "education," capturing the child at the age of four or earlier, appears to have been to condition his primary physical reflexes to automatic obedience. At the command "Heil Hitler," his right hand shoots upward. Judgment and reflection are by-passed; the habit of muscular response actually fixes patterns of thought. The purpose of the mass athletic drills to which the young people are subjected is to build not only pliable bodies but pliable minds. Hitler education of youth has been imposed with the methodical thoroughness which the skilled animal trainer uses in teaching the "high school" horse or the circus seal.

But emotions are bound to bob up somewhere to disturb the mechanical process. So Nazi education has sought to seize one of the primary infantile loyalties and divert it away from the natural father toward the *Ersatz* father, Hitler. The basic emotional loyalty of the boy to his first hero is methodically directed away from the family to the tribal father, the symbol of the state. The girl, equally deprived of her father, is early offered a substitute in the image of a future handsome Nazi warrior with whom she shall lie on the hillside under the stars to produce new warriors for the Reich. She becomes, almost from babyhood, a mystic spouse of Hitler in the best medieval manner.

Where *Mütterchen* fits into this picture is not clear. In Hitler's symbolism it has apparently not been easy to find an *Ersatz* satisfaction for the mother-longing. It would seem that Nazi education has been obliged to dodge that challenge, with results terrible for Germany's victims and probably for all German youth.

German primary education, with its rigid order and physical punishments, has long been held chiefly responsible for the widespread German masochism, which expressed itself in the highest child-suicide rate on earth. Hitler, while intensifying the rigidity, appears to have tried to release the resulting emotional tensions in an official sexual morality of "animal freedom" which makes emotion a minimum nuisance to the Nazi state. The soldier is encouraged to visit the brothel as regularly as the latrine, and for comparable reasons. There is less romance in such a "natural" life than on the stud farm, where at least some selectivity is observed. *Süsse Gretchen* and *holde Käthchen,* romantic projections of the mother-image, exist no more in Germany—not if the Nazis can suppress them. Perhaps the psychiatrists will decide that the tortured peoples of conquered Europe have paid fearfully for Hitler's attempt to exclude "mother," except as a brood mare, from the official scheme of things.

The problem of disciplining the brain—or rather of providing Nazi outlets for the ambitions of the personal ego—does not seem to have presented the Nazi "educators" with similar perplexities. Between rigid walls marked *verboten* each Nazi youngster can march straight ahead toward a career that is open to his talents. Controlled by an almost muscular response to orders and undisturbed by the primary pressures of sexual emotion, his mind without question devotes its high technical aptitudes to the service of the Nazi state.

This Nazi-manufactured education may appear on first consideration to be proof against antidote. But I venture to suggest that just because it is so scientifically thorough it will on armistice day cease to control the German mind. All systems of automatic obedience dissolve when the expected commands cease to be transmitted in perfect detail. The trained seal flops helplessly when a stranger attempts to put it through its routine. German education of youth has been built upon Hitler's personal authority. When Hitler vanishes, therefore, the average Hitler-trained German will be a lost individual. Because he has been conditioned solely to automatic response he will not know what to think. Instead of a nation of young goosesteppers we shall probably see a nation of bewildered anarchists.

Hitler's success in regimenting the minds and emotions of the German people has of course not been uniform. Remember that he has had formal charge of the educating business for only ten years. For convenience we may divide his pupils arbitrarily into several categories: those who were four to ten years old when he came to power and are now fourteen to twenty; those who were ten to seventeen and are now twenty to

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twenty-seven; those who were seventeen to twenty-five and are now twenty-seven to thirty-five; those who were twenty-five to fifty-five and were actively promoting their careers; and finally those over fifty-five who had acquired a "settled" attitude toward life. Let us do a little guessing as to the degree to which Hitler has succeeded in fixing the muscles and hearts and brains of each age-group in permanent patterns.

The littlest ones, those who in 1933 were four to ten, have doubtless achieved a fairly complete emotional transference from father dependence to Hitler dependence. We hear gruesome stories of kids denouncing their fathers and mothers to the Gestapo for "treachery" to the Führer. And their Hitler dependence probably has a fairly chronic infantile character, since they are not permitted to acquire the adult liberty of independent judgment. Hence, it is fair to conclude, when Hitler vanishes —when father, so to speak, walks out on them—they will blindly seek to return to their own fathers. But these they have betrayed emotionally—and in many cases politically and criminally. They will therefore almost certainly form a "lost generation" mentally and morally, burdened with psychopathic guilt.

The next age-group provides today precisely the front-line fighters, the cream of Hitler's army. These are the men whose adolescent emotions and erotic ambitions were diverted away from home with Käthchen toward romantic death on the battlefield. And exactly there they lie—hundreds of thousands of corpses before Stalingrad, Rostov, Vyazma, and Schlüsselburg. This age-group, which is the one on which Hitler has most depended for thick-and-thin support, is also precisely the one which has been killed off at the highest rate by the war. It may continue to cherish its romantic aberrations in perverted forms after the war. But a full half, perhaps, of its members will be permanently missing, or helpless cripples, in the new Germany. What the women of this age-group—two for every man—will think of their Hitler-spouse and the ways in which they will express their contempt for his impotence are matters upon which the psychiatrists are doubtless now pondering.

The seventeens to twenty-fives had their emotional patterns fairly well fixed by the time Hitler took charge of them. They were already working in the grooves of the old Prussian-Weimar, aristocratic-industrial society. Hitler bullied and blackmailed them. Some went into concentration camps; some into Nazi service. But the subconscious behavior habits of most of them could not have been greatly affected by any adult education Hitler imposed. When the Nazi pressure vanishes, they will seek escape from the failure in which they have been imprisoned and attempt to rebuild their shattered egos.

Those who were twenty-five to fifty-five when Hitler began issuing orders were probably not emotionally indoctrinated by Nazism at all. They merely made the best deal they could with life, and when they realize that this deal was disastrous for them they will hunt desperately for a new place in the world. Those who were over fifty-five were fixed in their habits, and the Führer never seriously bothered with them.

The conclusion would seem to be, then, that the original four-to-ten group will be emotionally helpless and anarchic when the war ends. The ten-to-seventeen group —potentially the most dangerous—will have been in large measure killed off and will be numerically the least influential of all. The seventeen-to-twenty-five group will be mainly preoccupied with the search for new jobs and opportunities. The twenty-five-to-fifty-five group will be disposed to grasp any means of survival offered. And the over-fifty-five group will be politically meaningless.

All these groups have depended, in their several ways, on "certainty" for their emotional foundation. The German craving for certainty is not entirely peculiar; our Puritan forefathers had it. But when certainty vanishes, Germans are emotionally lost. Since the entire Nazi system of education is built upon the certainty that Hitler is supremely wise and incarnates the satisfaction of all human desires, his departure from the syllogism will, I believe, bring about the de-education of Nazi Germany almost overnight. On armistice day and for months thereafter the effects of Hitler education will be moral and emotional chaos.

The practical political conclusions which can be drawn from this are fairly obvious. First, reeducation of German youth cannot be done by school teachers with textbooks in classrooms. Second, it cannot be done by punishment inflicted from outside, simply because such punishment would appear petty in comparison with the vengeance wreaked on the German people by the war itself and the slaughter which will certainly be perpetrated by the outraged victims of the Nazis. Third, it cannot be done by early encouragement of democratic processes of government. One of the sacred duties of democracy is to vote for whom you damn please. The Germans, if told that, simply would not know what you were talking about. They would ask, "But whom *should* we vote for?" Dr. Egon Ranshofer-Wertheimer, in his book "Victory Is Not Enough," has emphasized that the German appreciates orders, not negotiations. We must give commands to this bewildered, post-war Hitler youth, and especially to the middle-aged groups. Only with commands that lead to emotional satisfactions can we begin the reeducation of the suddenly de-educated.

But we must give those commands in the spirit of the new age, or else we must take the consequences. What the German wants, and has always wanted, is a useful place in an intelligible plan of life. He found a fanatical and perverted expression of this longing in Hitler's New Order for Europe. It is up to modern technology to offer

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him a place in a completely different order, a place of lasting usefulness which will open a career to his superb talents. In other words, the way to reeducate Germans is to give them useful jobs. If we have not the will or the wit to do it, there is another agent of history that can. That is Soviet Russia.

Our problem, then, is not, can Hitler youth be de-educated? but how can it be swiftly reeducated to co-operation with the civilized twentieth-century world? If we do not do that job, or if Russia does not do it, it will not be done at all, and Germany will remain the political plague center of the world.

Canada's Rising Socialists

BY FRANK UNDERHILL

Toronto, March 15

IT WAS in reference to Canada that the "good-neighbor" phrase now so popular was first officially used. You can find it in Jay's Treaty of 1794. Between that time and our own day the two North American neighbors enjoyed a century of "peace with friction" before their good neighborliness became much more than a noble experiment. But today the relations of the two governments have become so intimate that the only real threat to a continued good understanding is the persistent assumption by the southern neighbor that friendship can be maintained without his taking the trouble to make himself acquainted with what his northern neighbor is doing and thinking. Since national policies are carried out by party politicians, Americans might benefit from a knowledge of what is happening in Canadian party politics.

The two North American democracies have been distinguished from other countries in the modern world, including all the other English-speaking countries, by their persistent adherence to the two-party system. In both Canada and the United States the two parties differ from each other very little in the appeals they make to the public or the policies they carry out; both collect votes from all the major interest groups in the community. The long-continued agrarian protests against the control of government by big business have never led to the emergence of a successful national agrarian party. Industrialization has not led, as in every other country in the world, to the rise of an effective labor party. Through their constant practice of compromise and adjustment the two old parties have managed to frustrate all new third parties by taking over enough of their policies to quiet any threatened storm. Age could not wither this peculiar North American two-party system, nor custom stale its infinite variety. Or so it seemed.

In the United States it still seems so. Today, in the 1940's, there is apparently less possibility than ever of a real progressive or liberal party, representing in its philosophy and in the groups which support it a clear challenge to the forces of the right. Progressives have to get what they can from one or the other of the old parties; and the only thing that seems certain about the 1944 election is that the successful party will, as usual, collect from 50 to 60 per cent of the votes and the unsuccessful party from 40 to 50 per cent, with the other parties nowhere.

The Canadian party scene no longer presents this traditional political pattern. In fact, the classical two-party system has been disintegrating in Canada ever since the last war. Canada was in the last war from 1914 to 1918, and the strain upon its whole social system was much more severe than was the case in the United States. As one can see now, we never got back to a state of "normalcy" after it. Since 1918 no party in our federal general elections has won a majority of the votes cast, except, strangely enough, in the last election, in 1940, when Mr. King's Liberal Party got 55 per cent. The reason for this has been the appearance of new political groups whose attacks have prevented the two old parties from regaining the monopoly of politics which they enjoyed before 1914. In 1921 a rising of farmers in Ontario and the West, with the help of small labor groups in some of the Western cities, sent sixty-five "Progressive" members to the House of Commons, more than a quarter of the House. The Progressives could never quite make up their minds whether they were a new political party or not, and by the end of the twenties they were reduced to about a dozen members. For a moment it looked as if Canada were returning to the old two-party alignment of Liberals against Conservatives.

But the great depression of the 1930's led to other political upheavals. In 1932 the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation was launched by a group of Western farmers and labor men, led by the stubborn remnant of the Progressives, and it came out with a definitely socialist program. A little later, in Alberta, Mr. Aberhart swept into office with his gospel of Social Credit. The C. C. F. in the two elections of 1935 and 1940 was not able to elect more than 7 members in a House of 245, although its popular vote entitled it to a good many more; and Social Credit made little progress beyond

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Alberta. But the present war has unsettled things still further. Conservatism had sunk by 1940 into a sectional group recruiting its supporters mainly in Ontario and New Brunswick; it was almost dead on the prairie, and Quebec never forgave it for the imposition of conscription in 1917. The Liberals remained the only national party, in the peculiar North American sense of a party which succeeds in collecting votes from all sections, classes, and religions in the country. But the Liberal government has offended both agriculture and labor in this war by its refusal to take them into a genuine partnership in the war effort, and it has failed to convince Quebec that under its leadership Canada is fighting the war as an independent nation rather than as a British colony; in consequence the long Liberal hold on the French Canadians, dating back to 1896, is breaking.

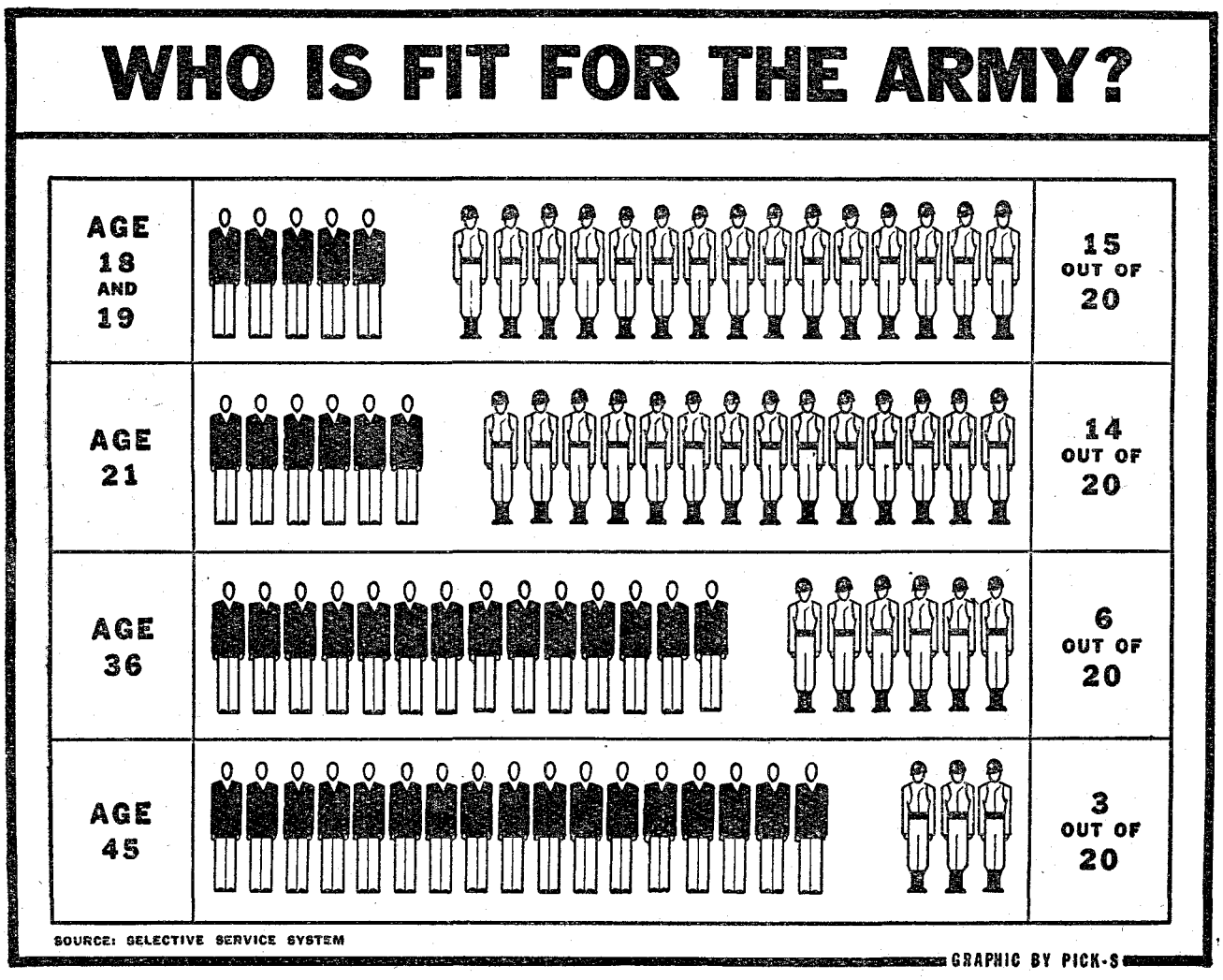
Gallup-poll figures show what has been happening in Canadian political opinion during recent months. In the next column the figures for 1940 show the percentage of votes cast for the different parties in the general election of that year. Later figures represent the samplings of the Gallup questioners. The New Democracy Party is Mr. Aberhart's Social Credit movement in its national incarnation. The Bloc Populaire Canadien is the most significant of the French Canadian groups which have emerged out of the confusion in Quebec.

	1940	Jan. 1942	Sept. 1942	Dec. 1942	Feb. 10, 1943
Liberals	55	55	39	36	32
Conservatives	31	30	23	24	27
C. C. F.	8	10	21	23	23
New Democracy	3	—	6	7	7
Bloc Populaire	—	—	—	—	7
Others	3	5	11	10	4

For Quebec and Ontario, the two largest provinces, the Gallup percentages were as follows in the survey of February 10, 1943:

	Ontario	Quebec
Liberals	32	39
Conservatives	35	14
C. C. F.	27	8
New Democracy	3	8
Bloc Populaire	0	26
Others	3	5

The two most noteworthy facts revealed by these figures are the remarkable growth of the C. C. F. in Canada as a whole and the rise of the Bloc Populaire in Quebec. In December, 1942, the C. C. F. had more popular support in the West than either Liberals or Conservatives. Its great growth in Ontario dates from the resounding South York by-election in February, 1942, in which it defeated the Conservative leader, Arthur Meighen, and drove him into private life. It has won notable by-



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elections in three Western provinces since then and has elected candidates in a good many municipal contests.

The Conservative Party, in a convulsive effort to escape death, resurrected Mr. Meighen as its leader in 1941, and thereby almost committed suicide. Last December it held another convention in Winnipeg and chose John Bracken, Prime Minister of Manitoba, as its leader; at the same time it drew up a new platform in favor of social security, collective bargaining, $1.10 wheat, and other policies which good Tories have always held in abhorrence. Mr. Bracken also induced it to adopt a new name, and it is now the Progressive-Conservative Party! Some simple-minded souls think that this transformation is genuine. The Liberal government has also—in the Speech from the Throne in January—begun to talk about health insurance, and has announced a parliamentary committee to study social security in general along the lines of the Beveridge Report. The fact is that both the old parties have been alarmed by the growth of the C. C. F. and are getting ready for the next election with platforms which on social questions will be hard to distinguish from the tenets of the C. C. F.

Both Liberals and Conservatives are spending a great deal of time denouncing the "regimentation" which a C. C. F. regime would produce and proclaiming their faith in private enterprise. Obviously the Conservatives hope that by dressing themselves up in progressive garments they will be the party to profit from the inevitable unpopularity of a war government when the first postwar election comes. If Liberal strength in the country is declining at the rate shown by the Gallup figures, the temptation to spring an election before the rejuvenated Conservatives are properly organized and before the C. C. F. has grown any stronger will probably be too much for Mr. King to resist. Americans, watching the flexible British parliamentary system from afar, seem to imagine that elections are brought on when a critical situation calls for consultation of the people. In fact they are brought on when the leader of the government thinks that his party is most likely to profit from them.

An election which failed to give a majority to any party would create a situation in which Liberals and Conservatives would have a strong inducement to form a coalition government—to save Canada from the horrors of socialism. There is such a coalition in office at present in British Columbia, with the C. C. F. as the official opposition. Such a realignment in national politics would produce a new two-party system with some reality in the difference between the two parties. But there are too many variables in the Canadian situation for one to be sure of anything as yet, and there is the enigma of Quebec. And perhaps one should add that for Canada to go leftward at a time when conservative hopes are reviving in both Britain and the United States would be a development without precedent.

Vox Populi, Inc.

BY ROBERT BENDINER

YOU needn't worry any more about the men at the front having no war aims. They've been quiet about the subject up to now, but that's only because they naturally wanted to wait until their chosen spokesman considered the time ripe for revealing their collective heart's desire. Now their champion has come forward, and who should it be but the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation of Detroit, Michigan?

I had forgotten all about the army's mandate to Nash-Kelvinator, and so it was with some surprise that I read the seven-column ad in the New York *Times* a few weeks ago in which that great-hearted corporation spoke out in its name. It was a huge, stirring layout, featuring a square-jawed gunner, alert in his "bubble of glass" at the tip of a Flying Fortress, waiting for a Messerschmitt to swoop past out of an inky sky. The copy was headed "Until I Come Back . . ." and it was a message to the folks back home which the gunner—and all his fighting fellows—had presumably decided to send through the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation.

"They say America will be a lot different after this war," the gunner muses in fourteen-point bold. "Well, maybe so. But as for me, I know the score. . . . I know there's only one decent way to live in this world—the way my folks lived and the way I want to live." And here comes the real business end of the message: "When you find a thing that works as good as that, brother, be careful with that monkey-wrench."

Planners and professional good-doers, if ever you feel tempted to free anyone from want or fear, just remember that Nash-Kelvinator gunner out there over the Zuyder Zee. He's in an ugly mood. Listen: "And there's one little spot—well, if they do as much as change the smell of the corner drugstore—I will murder the guy. I want my girl back, just as she is, and that bungalow on Maple Avenue. . . . I want that old roll-top desk of mine at the electric company, with a chance to move upstairs or quit if I want to. I want to see that old school of mine, and our church, just as they are—because I want my kids to go there. That's *my home town*. Keep it for me the way I remember it, just the way I see it now—until I come back."

Can't you picture the scene? The men climb wearily out of the big plane. "Whew! it's good to be back after that one," says Navigator Joe Bojkiechowski, left tackle, Notre Dame '39.

"Damn right," says Forward Gunner Swanson. "Never seen such flak in all my life."

"Thought we were done for a couple of times this trip," chimes in Tail Gunner Jacobs.

"Geez," says Bojkiechowski, "hope we're not being

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knifed at home while we're goin' through this hell."

"What do you mean 'knifed'?" asks Swanson.

"Well, I want to find my girl just as I left her when I get back to that bungalow on Maple Avenue," answers Bojkiechowski. "I want to be sure the New Deal ain't changed her none."

"Yeh, that's right," says Jacobs. "And I want to be sure those bureaucrats in Washington don't tell Consolidated Ashcan that they can't fire me if they want to. And that goes for the union, too."

"You bet," says Swanson. "My dad writes that they're talking about tearing down the shanty I was raised in to make room for some new government houses near Bridgeport. I don't mind as long as they just talk. But if they rip up that shack and put my mother in one of those new houses with all kinds of fancy gadgets, I'll go back there and murder 'em."

"Sure," says Jacobs, "here we are fightin' our guts out to keep things just the way they always were—no changes, no improvements—and these guys back home foolin' around with monkey-wrenches. We oughta do something. But who we got to talk for us?"

"I got it!" yells Bojkiechowski. "Nash-Kelvinator—that's the ticket for us!"

"Who's this Nash-Kelvinator, Joe? I never heard of him," says Jacobs.

"Him! It ain't a him, you sap. It's a great big humanitarian institution that makes iceboxes and fluid-drive cars. It's a big, generous corporation that speaks up for you and me against all those bureaucrats in Washington that are always trying to free us from want and stuff. What say we send a cable?"

And so Nash-Kelvinator became the voice of the A. E. F.

One month later it branched out and became the voice of the American people, too. I know because I spotted a companion seven-column ad in the *Times*. This one, captioned "When You Come Back to Me . . .," shows a stout-hearted lass frozen in a Mrs. Miniver chin-up attitude against the background of a bleak winter scene. She is probably Mrs. Bojkiechowski. Through the courtesy of Nash-Kelvinator she speaks for us all:

"When you come back to me," she whispers across the Atlantic, "you will find nothing changed. Those left at home promise that. . . . You've said, 'Don't let anyone tamper with a way of living that works so well.' Never fear, darling, that's the way we *all* want it."

"And now," I can almost hear her murmur, "And now, darling, a message from our sponsor." For in a modest benday strip superimposed over Mrs. Miniver-Bojkiechowski's left elbow and extending to the snow-covered tree on the left are the miniature figures of a shiny car and a handsome refrigerator, and beneath these the legend: "Nash-Kelvinator. In War, Builders of Pratt and Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers. In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators, and Appliances."

Ah, fluid drive! Electric refrigeration! That's the primitive way Bojkiechowski's folks had always lived, and their folks before them. No changes, no improvements—the very spirit of American advertising.

In the Wind

HOWARD Y. WILLIAMS, field director of the Union for Democratic Action, recently wrote an open letter to Eddie Rickenbacker deflating his arguments against labor and advising him to stick to the facts. The letter was read into the *Congressional Record* by Senators Coffee and Guffey, both New Dealers. Last week came Rickenbacker's answer: "Dear Mr. Williams: I more than appreciate the thoughts expressed in yours of February 23, as well as the inclosed [U. D. A.] Bulletin, and want you to know that such words of encouragement make me realize my efforts are not in vain."

AT THE NEW ENGLAND Inter-American Institute, held at Boston University recently, Mexico's only representative was Rudolfo Brito Foucher, a personal acquaintance of Hitler and Franco. As rector of the National University of Mexico Foucher conducted a purge of pro-Allied professors. He was invited to take part in the institute on the recommendation of the Pan-American Union, which said, according to Dr. Daniel Marsh, president of Boston University, that he was probably the most representative Latin American educator.

AFTER FIVE YEARS of lawsuits, the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen has won a victory over the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railway. The question at issue, which finally reached the Illinois Supreme Court, was whether the railroad should obey an order of the State Commerce Commission requiring it to replace the pail-and-dipper drinking facilities in its cabooses with sanitary cups and coolers.

FESTUNG EUROPA: Since the appearance of anti-Nazi slogans on walls in the Belgian village of Meirelbeke, the villagers have been forced to mount guard near walls suitable for slogan-writing. . . . Some Belgian factories have stopped providing soup for their workers because they can't get anything with which to make it. . . . In Czecho-Slovakia the names of executed patriots are announced on billboards. . . . Two Norwegian women's magazines have been suspended because of a leading article in their New Year's issues extending the season's greetings to "all good Norwegians." . . . And this is a Nazi joke, from Berlin's *Illustrierte Zeitung:* A woman is dying and her husband asks if she has a last wish. "Yes," she whispers, "apple tart with cream." The husband replies sternly, "This isn't the time to eat, it's the time to die."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item. —EDITORS THE NATION.].

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The Second Front

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

WHETHER the Nazi attack in the Kharkov area has a limited objective—to keep the Soviet air force from the oil fields of Rumania, for example, or to achieve a better strategic position, or to re-establish morale at home—or whether it marks the beginning of another great offensive, the indisputable fact is that the Germans have regained the initiative in the east, at least partially, and have thus reopened the issue of the second front.

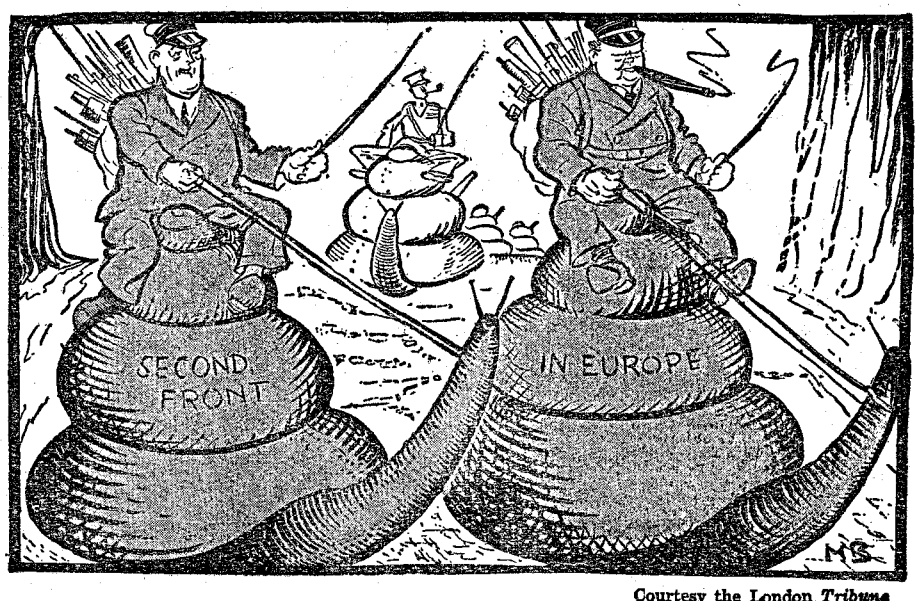
That a second front in Europe was bound to become again a matter of controversy was easy to foresee. During the winter the discussion temporarily died down. This was not only because the Russians were advancing vigorously all along the line but also, and more particularly, because of the hopes aroused by the invasion of North Africa. For the second time in one year public opinion in the United Nations expected a great British-American offensive. The first time was in June, when a communiqué issued after several days of conversation in Washington between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill led people to believe that the second front was only a matter of weeks. The landing of the Americans in North Africa created even greater expectations—expectations which were dampened but not dispelled by the long stalemate in Tunisia. And the Casablanca conference, with its guarded but definite promises of aggressive action, revived hope in Europe as well as in this hemisphere.

With this background, no one can pretend surprise if in the weeks to come the clamor for a second front should take on new vehemence or if we should begin to hear new and more bitter complaints from the Russians. Let us suppose that for one reason or another the start of a British-American offensive is delayed until after the end of May and that the Russians are faced once more with the necessity of resisting the entire weight of the Nazi army. If that should happen we may be sure that the question of the second front will assume proportions which may well threaten the unity of the Allied nations. That is the moment for which the Nazi propaganda machine is waiting.

Just one thing might serve to reduce the danger of open discord and deprive Goebbels of an invaluable political weapon. If a Council of the United Nations could be established within the next few weeks empowered to plan over-all strategy on both the political and the military front—strategy based on a clear and straightforward democratic program—then even a delay in opening the offensive in the west would arouse less anger and suspicion. It is to be hoped that Mr. Eden in his conversations at Washington has succeeded in clearing the air. If he is able to establish even the beginning of genuine cooperation between Russia and the Western powers, he will have achieved a major diplomatic triumph. But the outlook is not very bright.

During the last three months anti-Russian feeling in the United States has been growing. This was evident in the editorials which appeared in some of the most powerful newspapers on the occasion of Stalin's recent Order to the Red Army. It was evident in the declaration of Ambassador Standley and in the reception that declaration had in the press and in Congress. In fact, this feeling has been germinating ever since the first great Russian victories at the beginning of the year.

Dr. Goebbels knew very well what he was doing when he revived the bogy of bolshevism in Europe. His numerous agents in the United States undoubtedly informed him that, not only in isolationist circles but even among many strong supporters of American intervention now and after the war, the prospect of a powerful,



Courtesy the London *Tribune*

"We're Coming, Joe!"

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victorious Russia was looked upon with dread. It is this state of mind which has enabled the Nazis to win every important political battle of the last ten years. Throughout this period Hitler has always maneuvered to inject Russia as an element of division into every serious effort to build a strong anti-fascist world coalition.

The technique employed by the forces of reaction to frighten the left and paralyze its efforts to wage the war as a struggle against fascism has frequently been denounced in these columns. I would recall one article published nearly two years ago under the title The Blackmail of the Right. The reactionaries have only to point to a man and call him a "Bolshevik agent" to make him cower and draw back. They have even enjoyed the collaboration of certain Socialists and liberals who, in their hate of Stalinist Russia, are ready to brand as "fellow-travelers" people who put the winning of the war ahead of any other consideration. The same technique has been applied to the issue of the second front. It is all right, for example, for the New York *Times* to publish editorials advocating a second front—particularly if such editorials appear at a moment when it looks as if the Red Army might reach the German frontier before a British-American expeditionary force can land in Europe. But if someone from the left calls for a second front with equal eloquence and the same arguments, he is at once branded as a pawn in Moscow's game.

This political confusion is the direct result of the absence of an adequate instrument of United Nations policy and the lack of firm democratic conduct of the war. It bodes ill for the discussion of the second front which is certain to fill the press before the end of spring. People will again be divided. And again the reactionaries and their allies on the left will collaborate with Dr. Goebbels by dismissing the agitation for a western front as a new Stalinist maneuver. Should this happen, the United Nations will face their worst political crisis.

Perhaps my fears are unfounded; perhaps Montgomery's new offensive will prove to be the prelude to the general assault upon Hitler's European Fortress. Military preparations for an invasion of Europe obviously involve a degree of secrecy which makes prophecy risky. But political preparations, while they call for secrecy in their underground phases, cannot be altogether hidden. The minds of people must be prepared for action. Their courage must be awakened, and their confidence, badly battered by repeated disappointments, must be reestablished. And it is in this field that we note with regret a total lack of important gains—unless it is considered shrewd political strategy to treat the organizer of Spain's Blue Division as a trusted friend and to waste no opportunity to be disagreeable to the country which, since the summer of 1941, has carried the heaviest burden of the war.

Russia's Baltic Frontier

BY VASSILI SOUKHOMLINE

[*Among the questions raised by the recent much-discussed editorial in the London* Times *was that of Russia's access to ice-free ports. The following article by a distinguished Russian émigré presents his country's historical position on this subject.*]

I FREQUENTLY find the opinion expressed in the American press that the Baltic states which were formed in 1920-22 on territory previously belonging to the Russian Empire and were reoccupied by the U. S. S. R. in 1939-40 should be restored as independent states after our victory over Germany. The supporters of this opinion say that the strategic reasons which led the U. S. S. R. to seize this region will lose their weight after the disarmament of Germany and the creation of international machinery for maintaining a permanent peace in Europe.

It seems to me that there are many important points which they do not take into consideration.

1. Not only strategic but vital economic and political reasons urged Russia toward the shores of the Baltic. The struggle for the Baltic started as early as the tenth century and played a fundamental role in the growth of the Russian state. It was as important as Russia's fight for the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, and represented a tendency of the country to reach its natural borders in the west. The town of Yuriev, now Dorpat or Tartu, second largest city of Estonia, was founded by the Russians in 1030. During the following centuries Russia fought several wars against the German Order of "Sword Bearers," against the "Teutonic Order," against Denmark, Sweden, and the Polish-Lithuanian monarchy, in order to gain control of the Baltic coast, which was finally conquered by Peter the Great in 1721.

From the economic standpoint the Baltic provinces were always very closely connected with the rest of Russia. Before the First World War 32 per cent of Russia's foreign trade went through their ports. More than 70 per cent of the flax exported, 80 per cent of the barley, 90 per cent of the butter and vegetable oils were sent abroad via the Baltic, and half the imports of rubber, cotton, and machinery came in that way. Reval, Riga, the islands of Oesel and Dago, Libau and Windau were important military and naval bases.

2. The creation of the three Baltic states—Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia—was the result of the Russian military defeat in 1914-18. There is no doubt that the Allies would never have thought of separating the Baltic provinces from Russia had not Russia been temporarily weakened by war and revolution. In 1920 the American government protested very justly against the dismemberment of Russia. In a note to the Italian ambassador, Avezzano, Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby, said:

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> This government would regard with satisfaction a declaration by the Allied and associated powers that the territorial integrity and true boundaries of Russia shall be respected. These boundaries should properly include the whole of the former Russian Empire, with the exception of Finland proper, ethnic Poland, and such territory as may by agreement form a part of the Armenian state.

After pointing out the part played by Russia in the war against Germany, Secretary Colby continued:

> By this feeling of friendship and honorable obligation to the great nation whose brave and heroic self-sacrifice contributed so much to the successful termination of the war, the government of the United States was guided in its reply to the Lithuanian National Council on October 15, 1919, and in its persistent refusal to recognize the Baltic states as separate nations independent of Russia.

In July, 1922, after the European powers had recognized the Baltic states, the United States did so also. However, the official documents published on this issue show clearly that the American government did not abandon its belief that Russia's natural borders should be restored some day. Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes made the following statement in a note dated July 25, 1922, which the American commissioner in Riga handed to the Baltic governments:

> The United States has consistently maintained that the disturbed conditions of Russian affairs may not be made the occasion for the alienation of Russian territory, and this principle is not deemed to be infringed by the recognition *at this time* of the governments of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, which have been set up and maintained by an indigenous population.

3. It was Germany that took the initiative in creating the Baltic states. As a matter of fact, Germany proclaimed the "independence" of Lithuania on February 16, 1918. In the year after the Armistice, until November, 1919, the Allies used the German occupational forces in the Baltic provinces to prevent the extension of the Soviet regime to these regions, just as in the following year it was Anglo-French policy to support all anti-Soviet elements in Russian territory. The "independent" governments of Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania were first set up with the help of German troops; later they were supported by the British navy, by Swedish and Finnish volunteers, and by Allied arms and credit.

In the beginning the Baltic states depended on British financial and economic assistance. Later they fell under the influence of Germany. Lithuania installed a fascist regime in 1926 and Latvia in 1934. Estonia kept up the appearance of a parliamentary regime, but two reforms of the constitution—in 1933 and 1937—enabled pro-fascist elements to control the country. The fascist governments of the Baltic states, together with Colonel Beck's government in Poland, prevented an agreement between the U. S. S. R., England, and France in 1939.

4. No one can foretell what kind of international machinery for the maintenance of peace will be created after this war. It is certain, however, that the United States will not relinquish its bases in the Pacific or in the Atlantic. Nor will Great Britain sacrifice Gibraltar, Malta, and Suez. Similarly, Russia will naturally insist on keeping the military, naval, and aerial bases it needs to defend its frontiers; it must be able to resist aggressors, opening a new conflict, until the armies of other members of the future international body can intervene.

The Atlantic Charter cannot be used as a pretext for reversing the millennial development of an Allied state which has until now borne the brunt of the fight against Germany, or for violating its vital interests as demonstrated by its history. The Atlantic Charter cannot bar access to the sea to a country which covers one-sixth of the globe.

The return of the Baltic states to the Soviet Union will in no way affect the national culture of their inhabitants. During the czarist regime neither the Estonians, the Latvians, nor the Lithuanians ever demanded an independent national state. Not a single political party included such a request in its program. They merely asked for national autonomy. The Soviet Union is a federation in which the language and culture of the three Baltic peoples are recognized and respected just as are the language and national culture of the Ukrainians, White Russians, Georgians, Armenians, and Tartars.

It is comprehensible that some persons in the Baltic regions are against their return to Russia. Industrialists, bankers, shopkeepers, and politicians dependent on the capitalist regime are afraid to become citizens of a country where an anti-capitalist system prevails. Russian capitalists felt the same way in 1917. The writer of this article, like many other Russian émigrés, was prevented from continuing his literary and political activities in his own country. That fact, however, does not alter his firm belief that the new Russia has the same right to guard its security and assure the development of its own way of life as had the old Russia.

Those Lithuanian, Latvian, and Estonian groups who have lost their positions and their social standing cannot complain that they are victims of *national* discrimination. As a matter of fact they are victims of a *social* upheaval. The new Soviet republics are administered not by Russian governors but by their own countrymen, among whom we find Communists, Socialists, and representatives of a democratic intelligentsia. The fascists are out, but otherwise the local administration has hardly changed. The Soviets have even left Estonian, Latvian, and Lithuanian national military units under their own officers. After the Germans attacked, these units were incorporated with the Red Army.

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Whatever its political and social system, Russia's permanent and vital interests and the security of its population of 200,000,000 cannot be sacrificed for the sake of a small number of Baltic politicians and capitalists who suppressed democracy in their own countries long before the Russian occupation and who willingly accepted the political and economic dominance of German fascism. It is astonishing that some people in America describe the former Baltic dictatorships as "democracies." Any good reference book could disillusion them. The "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1939, for instance, notes of Lithuania: "The democratic system collapsed in Lithuania in December, 1926. Since then a nationalist dictatorship has been established." And of Latvia: "Since May, 1934, an authoritarian government on a corporative basis has been established. . . . The parliament, *Saeima,* was disbanded."

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

A GERMAN song seems destined to become popular even with the enemy in this war. Word comes from Africa that the British and American soldiers have taken a fancy to the tune, which they have heard sung by German prisoners. Supplied with English words, it is fast becoming a hit in General Eisenhower's army. From there it will presumably find its way to us. It will be recognized by the refrain, which in German runs as follows:

Es geht alles vorüber, es geht alles vorbei.
Es geht alles vorüber, es geht alles vorbei!
(Everything passes, everything comes to an end!)

In Germany this refrain is sung with all kinds of satirical variations. A number of these are reported by a Swede recently returned from Germany who contributes an article to the Stockholm *Veckojournalen* of March 6. Some of the most popular refer to rationing troubles. For example:

Es geht alles vorüber, es geht alles vorbei.
In Abschnitt November gibt's wieder ein Ei!
(Everything passes, everything comes to an end.
The ration book for November gives us an egg again!)

or

Den Schnapps vom Dezember bekommt man im Mai!
(December's brandy will be delivered in May!)

But the favorite version and the one most often heard is this:

Es geht alles vorüber, es geht alles vorbei.
Zuerst geht der Hitler, dann geht der Partei!
(First Hitler will go, then the party!)

According to our Swedish informant, the Berliners are especially fond of it in this form. And he is an observer who had long lived in Germany, who left only a short time ago, and who is obviously competent to judge. Only once in several months do we get such a glimpse into the closed Reich.

As everyone knows who has lived in Germany, the Berliners have always been a race by themselves—smarter, more skeptical, more caustic than their provincial countrymen. They are as little typical of the average German as the New Yorker is of the average American or the Parisian of the average Frenchman. Nevertheless, it is interesting to hear that "despite the Gestapo, Berliners talk quite frankly in the streets, discuss the situation very critically, and perhaps too opportunely make a distinction between themselves and the Nazis." It is still more interesting to learn that "the Berliner hardly dreads any kind of peace any longer."

It was always the opinion of the writer of this column that the Germans would never be convinced by promises that mild peace terms were obtainable, but that some day they would become nihilistically apathetic to the difference between a mild and a severe peace. Our Swedish reporter is the first to observe that this stage has been reached, if only in Berlin.

However, he asserts that other Germans too are already far advanced in skepticism and cynicism. He considers the heavy injections of propaganda with which the German people have been braced since Stalingrad and "total mobilization" wholly ineffectual. "German public opinion is marked by a sarcastic quality which prevents heroics." And while the German people of course do not want to see the Russians overrun the country, Goebbels's attempt to cast Germany in the role of Leonidas protecting all mankind by holding back the Russians at a new Thermopylae is, he believes, a complete flop. "That Germany under Nazi rule should be fighting in Russia to save Europe and England seems to the Berliner, and to the average German as well, despite the tragic circumstances, almost ridiculous."

"How is the *Stimmung?*" was the heading of an editorial in the *Neues Weiner Tageblatt* on February 21. The paper answered its own question with remarks which require no comment.

> It is quite natural [it said] that in the course of a long and severe war the *Stimmung* should be sometimes better, sometimes worse. One can draw no conclusion at all, if not a false one, from the fact that at some particular moment the *Stimmung* is bad. Undoubtedly people today are in a serious mood, but their spirit is unbroken. If some people do not realize this, it is because anxiety and discontent make themselves heard and seen more plainly than everyday heroism. Not everybody is a soldier, and it is not surprising if a generation that has known little but misery occasionally grows tired of it and longs for rest and better times. Soldiers of the First World War will explain to you why this fourth

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year of war cannot be compared to 1918. . . . Do not seek an escape in complaints. They assuage the heart's distress no better than the rumors with which some people try to drug themselves. Do not complain, for that is a thoughtless and a dangerous thing to do. Let the father, husband, or son at the front remain in ignorance of the troubles oppressing you. The soldier should not have to worry about our *Stimmung*.

File and Remember

The "Daily News" Scores

ON SUNDAY, March 14 the New York *Daily News* published an editorial which ran in part as follows:

Russia's current attitude is that this is not only a horizontal war across land but also a vertical war of economic classes, with Russia championing the poor peasants and workers. Those people in the former Baltic states, Poland, and Finland, according to the Communists, could be happier under the Red Government at Moscow than under their old landlords and industrialists. This is the present Russian alibi for saying ever more loudly that it intends to get back after this war all the territories which czarist Russia had before the previous war, except for a sliver of Poland. A small Polish state after this war appears to be agreeable to Stalin, for reasons best known to himself; and he is now telling the Poles that they can be compensated for their sacrifices of territory in the east by being given East Prussia and additional parts of Germany. If that would not sow the seeds of another war, we don't know what would.

Soviet Russia, too, along with its mouthpieces in the Communist Party organizations in other countries, is still trying to pump life and permanence into the legend that it was gigantic, aggressive, and cruel Finland which attacked poor little peaceful Russia in December, 1939. This is an evident attempt to lay a foundation for reabsorption of all Finland into Soviet Russia after this war, and too bad about the Atlantic Charter's insistence on self-determination for small nations and the world-known fact that Finland does not want to return to Russia.

At 9:15 on Monday morning, March 15, the Berlin radio was utilizing the editorial quoted above for propaganda purposes:

The deep mistrust which a large portion of the American population nurtures with regard to the military intentions of the Soviets is expressed in a *Daily News* article. Moscow's claim that the Finns had attacked the U. S. S. R. in 1939 is denounced as a silly legend by this widely read New York paper and as an attempt to prepare in a propagandistic war the incorporation of the whole of Finland into the Soviet Union. —CBS short wave.

Little Sir Echo

Westbrook Pegler said in his column Fair Enough in the *World-Telegram* of Friday, March 12:

It is argued that even though the Communists in this country are evil conspirators against our government, as Francis Biddle, the Attorney General, admitted they were last spring, they have no connection with Stalin. But the truth is that they are Stalin's agents and the further truth is that the American people are no more disposed to take such meddling from him than similar treachery from Hitler. The idea behind our policy as to Communists among us is that if we don't let them do their stuff in this country and treat them nice, Stalin will not be friendly with us when the war is over. Why do we feel that we have to do all the placating?

And from a Berlin short-wave broadcast comes this:

Mr. Wallace's speech was intended to allay the fears and suspicions of Soviet Russia held by the run of Americans. And well may the British and American people harbor these fears and suspicions. There is in every democracy a red painted Trojan horse with its belly full of avowed Communists, only waiting for the signal to leap out of the horse's vitals and to open the gates to the Bolshevik hordes waiting without.—(CBS).

Such Vulgarity!

The chief feature of the statements made by Mr. Standley, the American ambassador to Moscow, is the tone in which they were uttered. It is quite understandable that the Americans, whose God is publicity, should be disappointed that the help they are giving, or think they are giving, to Russia is not sufficiently appreciated. But it is rather more difficult, at first glance, to see why this representative should so bitterly reproach the government to which he is accredited. His statement borders on vulgarity. Not that such a tone should surprise anyone, for it is the usual tone adopted by American statesmen.—Rome broadcast to England (CBS).

When Vice-President Wallace, the gentleman farmer, was on his father's farm, the manager, we are told, put him to work whitewashing the urine houses and pig-sties. It was a job to which he was well suited, and he made life miserable for chicken lice and other barnyard vermin. So adept, in fact, did he become in whitewashing that he never quite lost the habit. And, in later life, wherever he went, he carried about with him a pail of whitewash and a big brush, ready and willing to apply the purifying lime to vermin-ridden pig-sties at home and abroad. On Monday he found a job entirely to his liking when he single-handed attempted the gigantic task of applying a coat of whitewashing to the Soviet pig-sty. . . . In his speech he avoided all reference to communism, being content to apply to this ideological and economic system the more tender and less hateful name of Marxism. But a skunk by any other name smells just as putrid. . . .—FRED W. KALTENBACH over the Berlin radio (CBS).

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Mr. Mencken and the Good Old Days

HEATHEN DAYS, 1890-1936. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

MR. MENCKEN is certainly one of the most accomplished and most delightful writers our country has ever produced. This third instalment of his own remembrance of things past is a sheer joy to read if only for the pleasure one gets from observing how successfully he has created an instrument for communicating the flavor of his particular—and peculiar—zest for life. Time has served only to perfect a style which was always robust and exuberant, but which has grown with the years better balanced and better integrated until it has achieved now an almost classical perfection without losing its individuality.

Even the youngest generation of readers, which meets him for the first time in the present volume, should have no difficulty in understanding why Mr. Mencken was one of the principal literary heroes of the teens and twenties of this century. It may, however, quite understandably wonder how on earth he was ever classified among the liberals, and for the benefit of this youngest generation the phenomenon may be explained. Mr. Mencken has not gone reactionary in his later years. He had always precisely the same contempt for the beautiful and the good that he revels in now. So far as his politics are concerned, it would be a misuse of the term to call him a tory, for toryism implies a formalized theory concerning the state and the best means of promoting its welfare. Mr. Mencken's political philosophy is, on the other hand, simply that of the ward heeler and is based securely on the ward heeler's premise that people are divided, not into the good and the bad, but only into the wise and the foolish and the hypocritical and the frank. Mr. Mencken was once counted a liberal merely because anti-puritanism and the revolt against the village played a larger part in the liberalism of the teens and twenties than political or economic theories did. If to him Mr. Roosevelt is now merely "a radio crooner," he thought no more highly of Woodrow Wilson. He doubts whether "in entertainment value" the latter is to be put higher or lower than Huey Long, and from his standpoint, that of the detached spectator, entertainment value is all that counts. "I like politicos much better than I like professors. They sweat more freely and are more amusing." The really good old days were those when political quackery was more flamboyant than now, though of course it was no more thoroughgoing.

> The Governors, in fact, were for long my favorites, for they constituted a class of extraordinarily protean rascals, and I remember a year when, of the forty-eight then in office, four were under indictment by grand juries, and one was actually in jail. Of the rest, seven were active Ku Kluxers, three were unreformed labor leaders, two were dipsomaniacs, five were bogus war heroes, and another was an astrologer.

Mr. Mencken's general estimate of human nature approximates pretty closely that of Jonathan Swift, and, indeed, Yahoo is one of his favorite terms for describing that majority of the population which he has most assiduously contemplated. The odd fact is, however, that "savage indignation" is something which has never troubled him and that whereas Swift is popularly supposed to have gone mad with disgust, Mr. Mencken is approaching old age still full of eagerness and zest while remaining completely free of the only fear which would really trouble him, the fear that the supply of fools and scoundrels might give out. Most people enjoy having their opinions and prejudices confirmed, and Mr. Mencken, being like most people in this respect, has for many years assiduously sought to be present wherever large bodies of people were being conspicuously grotesque. Hence, of course, his especial delight in the national conventions of the great political parties and the eagerness with which he cherishes his memories of such unexpected shows as that put on in Dayton, Tennessee, at the time of the anti-evolution trial. Even before his eminence made it easy for him to win choice assignments, he knew how to get fun out of the hangings he covered in Baltimore and "enjoyed especially the terminal part, for my lifelong interest in theology was already well developed, and it gave me a great kick to hobnob and palaver with the divines who comforted the doomed." There is at least poetic truth in the explanation he gives of his presence in the Holy Land before proceeding, in one sketch, to make some comments on the atmosphere prevalent in that region. Mr. Mencken, it seems, had intended to look over the remains of Gomorrah, and it was only after discovering that these remains could not with any certainty be identified that he decided to take a look at the Holy Sepulcher instead. No one can doubt that it was for him a very poor second choice.

Even those with no great faith in utopian schemes and no unqualified admiration for human nature may find Mr. Mencken's unbashed delight in depravity sometimes shocking. But what a writer he must be to hold the delighted attention of the reader through a series of sketches which begins with a loving portrait of an amateur rat killer and devotes most of its pages to unmitigated swine of one species or another. By way of illustration of the author as writer nothing will serve better than a few sentences from the account of the rat killer just mentioned. He was much, much admired by his youthful contemporaries and therefore:

> The reader of today, soaked in the Freudian sewage for so many years, will assume at once, I suppose, that Hoggie must have been a Lothario, and his headquarters a seraglio. Nothing could have been further from the truth. He was actually almost a Trappist in his glandular life, and his hormones never gave him any visible trouble until much later on, as I shall show in due course. . . .
>
> The male infantry of today, debauched by Progressive Education and the sex-hygiene quackery, are said to be adepts at the arts of love before they are more than half house-broken, but that was certainly not true in my time. . . . What made Hoggie a personage was nothing in

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that line; it was mainly, and perhaps only, his successful and notorious resistance to the doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness. . . .

Hoggie, disdaining firearms, did his fighting with clubs, and had an arsenal of them ready to hand—little ones for light jobs, and thick warty shillalahs for really earnest work. When he came down upon a skull something gave way, and it was never Hoggie or his weapon.

In his early days as a writer Mr. Mencken's favorite trick was to achieve the grotesque by juxtaposing words drawn from two widely different vocabularies or by assuming as parallel or equivalent two personages or two events which the admirers of one would regard as inhabiting a universe wholly outside the universe of the other. He still uses the same trick—for example, when he is describing the alleged tendency of political spellbinders to convert themselves and remarks: "Let us not forget that Lydia Pinkham, on her death bed, chased out her doctors and sent for a carboy of her Vegetable Compound, and that Karl Marx (though not Engels) converted himself to socialism in his declining years." But this isn't really a trick any more for the simple reason that it is now used with too masterly an assurance and effectiveness to deserve any such deprecatory designation. Even the incongruous elements of his vocabulary, though they also retain their effectiveness, have been made to seem congruous as parts of a style which has achieved its own harmony. Consider, for example, the phrase "a Trappist in his glandular life." Mysticism and materialism are juxtaposed; but whereas a bad writer would overemphasize the grotesqueness of the juxtaposition, Mr. Mencken, by choosing "glandular," a word of great dignity in its own universe, achieves his grotesque effect without seeming to be guilty of any violation of stylistic propriety. Like his book as a whole, this may not be pretty. But it is certainly art.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Man and History

HUMAN NATURE AND DESTINY: A CHRISTIAN INTERPRETATION. II. HUMAN DESTINY. Gifford Lectures. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

IT IS curious to think that we are going to make peace treaties, make history for the centuries, without having asked ourselves seriously what history is or where it is going. The fact is, we are sustained, in the democracies, by some implicit belief concerning the direction and the ultimate ends of human evolution. We have almost all of us a vague idea of progress, of the amelioration of the human lot, because we still float in an atmosphere of vague Christianity. But the approaching tasks will be precise, the decisions to be taken terribly precise. We may have to choose, for example, between sacrificing individual liberties for the sake of raising the average standard of living and sacrificing social and international justice for the sake of a balance of power, Machiavellian, but favorable to certain cultural developments. We may have to choose between a system which places confidence in man and a system which has faith only in the police. Or we may have to invent, that is to say, combine old elements in a manner yet unknown. For to invent is to reorientate. But what direction do we wish to give to the history of the world? What can we expect of man? Those who will be responsible for the treaties of tomorrow, have they even asked themselves the question?

The Nazis have answered clearly. They deny every transcendent value and accept the right of the strongest. History is war in perpetuity. A naturalistic, and pessimistic, conception. The Communists also know what they expect of history and what its direction is; hardly less naturalistic but more optimistic than the Nazis, they assume that evil will be eliminated along with the system of classes. History will end in perpetual peace and abundance.

As for the others—well, we live by a mixed heritage of Catholic, Protestant, and Renaissance notions, of which we appear often to have forgotten the origins and ultimate ends. But in order to know the direction of history it is necessary to know or decide where man comes from and where he is going. And if we ignore the direction of history, we risk going in circles, like those who "advance" in a fog, or undermining what we believe we are saving.

Reinhold Niebuhr's book would render a great service if it did no more than describe and classify the diverse conceptions of history formulated by Western humanity. But this book does much more. It defends with extraordinary probity and consistency the Biblical-Christian view of man and history.

Mr. Niebuhr seems to me to be one of the rare coherent Protestants of our time. His whole book is based on the serious consideration of a single idea, but of an idea that is fundamental: man is a being involved in finite nature but at the same time possessing the liberty to transcend his nature and to understand himself from a point outside nature. And all his conclusions about history stem from that.

If man were only nature, he would not have either any liberty or any history. If he were only spirit, he would be right to take refuge in a mystical and passive waiting for another world. Niebuhr shows how all the theories, ancient or modern, about the direction of history and of our actions fail through insufficient consideration of one of the terms of the human paradox. Too optimistic or too pessimistic. Only the Biblical doctrine maintains the balance because it is rooted in the very essence of the paradox, which culminates in the divine-human personality of Christ and is resolved only by sacrifice. History does not move toward an earthly paradise. "The Anti-Christ stands at the end of history to indicate that history cumulates, rather than solves, the essential problems of human existence." (We shall see that tomorrow, when all our old problems present themselves anew, on a global scale.) The solution and the direction of history are therefore beyond history. We can only "believe" that this solution is already realized and that this direction is already revealed in the Incarnation, the Sacrifice, and the Resurrection. But also, since we believe it, we are constrained to act in this world.

All this, condensed in the few sentences of a review, must appear esoteric to a reader who is not a theologian. But Niebuhr's book is simple and clear. It is impossible to imagine anyone less sectarian and yet so vigorous in his convictions. His plea for tolerance strikes a note that is very rare today. He illustrates that magnificent phrase of Calvin's:

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"When we denominate the virtue of the saints perfect, to this perfection belongs the acknowledgment of imperfection both in truth and in humility." Mr. Niebuhr's frank criticism of Protestantism opens up horizons. He has seen that the weakness of the Reformation lies in its having neglected to establish living and solid links between its theological doctrine and its culture or politics. This book in part fills in this lacuna: it sets forth a theory of history from the Protestant point of view and the theoretical bases of a Protestant politics. And above all, Niebuhr never forgets his theology when he speaks of politics. Thus he accepts the belief in the resurrection of the flesh and rejects the Greek belief in the immortality of the soul, as well as the naturalistic belief in the definitive mortality of the individual—and for exactly the same reasons he accepts political activity and rejects escapist mysticism, as well as totalitarian cynicism. This single example will give an idea of the integration of his thought.

I hope that the negotiators of the peace of tomorrow will take time to read this book before signing, whether out of opportunism or idealism. Just as one reads along the highways of Pennsylvania, "Lose a minute, save a life!" so I should like to say to the drivers of the peace, "Lose a day of reading, save a century and a million lives."

DENIS DE ROUGEMONT

Flight from Self-Made Terror

FLIGHT FROM TERROR. By Otto Strasser and Michael Stern. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.

IT HAS long been a riddle why so few splits have occurred between National Socialist leaders. However, memoirs of anti-Hitler Nazis seem to furnish an explanation—namely, that men capable of a real change of mind had no chance of gaining a high position in the party in the first place. This indispensable *real* change of mind is shockingly absent in the newest autobiographical outgiving of one of Hitler's former top men, Otto Strasser. Otto Strasser is sometimes mentioned as a possible candidate for an important role in the post-war set-up. But a man's desire to kill Hitler because of Hitler's desire to kill him does not make him acceptable. And if there are those who think that Strasser's *past* can be overlooked, his *present* state of mind should spell the end to whatever political ambitions he may have for the post-Hitler world.

Until 1930 Strasser was one of the very highest Hitler Nazis. He claims to have saved the party by ingenious tricks in 1924, when it was outlawed and at its lowest ebb. He claims to have knocked open, together with his brother Gregor, the heart of Germany, Prussia, to Hitler's provincial movement. He says that he hired Goebbels for the party, because Goebbels "had an uncanny ability to say exactly the things I wanted to hear" and showed a "total absence of any belief." First of all, Otto Strasser, as Nazi press czar and publisher, for many years poisoned Germany day after day by means of his flood of Nazi dailies, magazines, pamphlets, and publications. In 1930 he broke with Hitler and organized dissenting Nazis in his "Black Front" movement. His books must therefore be considered as political documents.

The first thing that strikes the reader is the complete absence of any expression of sorrow over the cataclysmic results of his own previous work. On the contrary, the book is permeated by an arrogant assumption that he and his kind are exempt from the laws which bind philistines. This, however, is the essence of the Nazi doctrine of the "élite."

In the opening chapter of this book, for example, he describes himself lying in a German military hospital (just like Hitler), when on November 7, 1918, "the Communists won." Little does it matter to him that there were no Communists in Germany at that time. With many details and undisguised gusto he tells how, despite his wounded leg, he slipped out of bed, participated for about two days in a quickly improvised white terror ("there was fascination for me in this grim justice"), and slipped back into the hospital bed. The story, as told, is palpably untrue. But this adds to its significance because it shows even more clearly how Strasser's mind works. He does not doubt that the reading public will swallow his concoction and that he will endear himself to the Allies by his "approach"—which by necessity must lead to neo-Nazism after the war.

He gives ugly names to some Nazi leaders—not feeling that he owes an explanation for having collaborated with them closely for many years although he knew how bad they were. On the other hand, he still admires many of them; when he mentions Ludendorff, one of the main culprits, he grows ecstatic; Gregor Strasser, Hitler's fanatically devoted helper and Heinrich Himmler's inseparable friend, was an "idealistic, patriotic Socialist" and is elevated here almost to the role of a saint; Rudolf Hess is a "jewel." Sometimes he reveals his views by a single word, as when he speaks of a man's "technical American citizenship." He still appears to believe what he discovered in 1920, that "only to the Nazi Party could a person with progressive or socialistic thoughts turn now." What can heal such a mentality?

The book is crowded with false statements; if the tendencies which lie behind it were not so grim, it could pass as a parody of the "I Saw It Happen" type. Some of the false statements are old Nazi stereotypes; some read like bad jokes. The tone of the report ranges from such sentences as "The feel of the butt of the revolver in my hand was strong and sustaining" to "Edith's struggling body—her beautiful siren's body—hampered his movements." Strasser seriously maintains that Adolf Hitler was a democrat until late in 1925, when he became a dictator. Why did he become a dictator? Because of Jewish influence: the party, we are told, had just decided on a more socialistic course. This so angered Kirdorf, part-Jew and multi-millionaire, that he gave Hitler money to build up the S. A. against these socialistic plans. Strasser knows, of course, that the S. A. was founded in 1920-21 and not, as he now maintains, after October, 1925, as a result of the intervention of a part-Jew multi-millionaire who "sold his people into bondage." We are also informed that at some time after October, 1925, Reich President Ebert, instigated by Kirdorf, allowed Hitler to mix again in German politics. The author is not in the least disturbed by the fact that Ebert died in February, 1925. Similarly, we are told that Strasser's fight against Goebbels's paper, the *Angriff*, took place early in 1925—although the *Angriff* was not even founded before July 4, 1927! One of the most amazing victories over time is this: after reviving the fable that the German inflation of

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1934 was caused by the "fulfilment" of the peace treaty, he says, "Late in 1923 . . . the people cried for a change in government. . . . We all knew a bloody explosion was coming." And, indeed, this foreboding of late 1923 did not deceive Strasser: "We had our answer early in March, 1920." Time destroys the speculations of man, says Cicero—but not of Otto Strasser.

The insult this book offers to the American public becomes the greater when we consider that it is but an enlarged and revised version of Strasser's book "Hitler and I," published in New York in 1940. (Neither the contents nor the jacket of "Flight from Terror" gives the slightest hint of this fact.) A comparison of the two autobiographies does reveal differences, however. Take, for example, the scene—it appears in both books—in which Strasser is caught by the Gestapo in a Bavarian mountain hut. According to "Flight from Terror," "So hot was the May sun at midday that we wore sport shirts and athletic shorts." According to "Hitler and I," "So warm was the April sun that we wore nothing but bathing slips." In the first version, when the Gestapo caught the men in the warm April sun, "my three companions leaned over the table and concealed the documents spread on it with their naked bodies." In the new version, when the same Gestapo agents caught them in the hot May sun, the naked bodies have disappeared. Instead, Strasser "waved a hand toward the lunch baskets which, fortunately, were still closed. Inside those baskets were lists of my followers." In the warm April sun there were also two women who must have evaporated in the hot May sun, because there is no trace of them in the 1943 version.

But this is not just another silly book. It is a disquieting symptom. After the most terrible of all wars, will died-in-the-wool fascists be allowed to establish their own neo-fascism as a reward for their successful flight from self-made terror?

HANS ERNEST FRIED

Strawinsky as Critic

POETIQUE MUSICALE SOUS FORME DE SIX LECONS. By Igor Strawinsky. Harvard University Press. $2.

THE remarks of creators on their own art belong to the class of sacred writings. They should be preserved, pondered—and interpreted, for they are seldom trustworthy in the literal sense. Something can always be learned from them, though that something is rarely the thing said; most often it is the intention behind the effort that we value, the revelation of a temperament that we knew first from the work of art and of which we get a binocular view when the artist deigns to harangue us.

This necessary task of criticizing the critic is of course difficult, and seems, moreover, to imply a certain impudence. Who am I to reprove Tolstoy's "What is art?" when I could neither conceive nor execute "War and Peace"? Does he not know more about his business than I? Yes, but only in the sense that he knows it from the beginning, nothing more. Valid criticism is not simply the report of the bystander on what he sees; it is a difficult feat requiring practice no less than natural gifts and a knowledge of the appropriate means of expression. Success in another art is no guaranty of success in this, and from the very division of their time and

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energy—let alone the cast of their minds—artists have proved, with some exceptions, brilliant improvisators rather than philosophic critics.

Mr. Strawinsky is no exception. His book has some of the merits and all of the defects of amateur criticism. The merits are those of an intelligent witness to the act of creation. To be sure, he says that it is impossible to explain fully what goes on when one makes a piece of music: at the core is an irrational something. But this in itself is worth having said anew. The special way in which Mr. Strawinsky views invention, inspiration, technique, and execution is also worth possessing in printed form. For the Varieties of Artistic Experience which someone will some day compose, this testimony is invaluable. Moreover these six lectures are studded with excellent critical formulations. I cite a few:

> Ignorance and ill-will stem from the same root, and the latter benefits in secret from the advantages it derives from the former. . . . Experience has shown me that any historical datum . . . can certainly be used as a stimulus to excite the creative faculty, but never as an idea that can clear up a problem. The artist can build solidly only on the immediate, for everything that has fallen out of usage can no longer serve us directly. . . . Nothing compels us constantly to seek our satisfaction in repose. . . . The valuing of a value is itself subject to valuation . . . in this regard nothing is absolute save the relative.

These remarks are found, for the most part, in contexts of which the purpose is to reestablish some well-known artistic requisite or principle—the need for honest and intelligent criticism, the distinction between imagination and fancy, the dangers of snobbery, sensationalism, and egotism, the special character of music as a time art and its dependence on faithful execution from a text that can never be fully explicit. All these things Mr. Strawinsky expounded to his Harvard listeners most carefully and earnestly. And so far there was little need of interpretation.

But Mr. Strawinsky attempted something more than a refurbishing of good old truths with a few strokes of his own. He attempted the spiritual reformation of his hearers, and to do it he tried to give form to a characteristic modern attitude. It is this attempt that makes much of what he says ambiguous, even contradictory; just as it is what makes his book an important symptom of the creative mind in the twentieth century. The spiritual reformation was to make his hearers approach music "objectively . . . dogmatically . . . under the austere sign of order and discipline." And the characteristic attitude was the predictable one of repudiating the nineteenth century, musically, and the last five hundred years, intellectually and socially.

In short, Mr. Strawinsky attacks modernism in all its meanings and would even have the church condemn it if a way could be found. His citations, his examples, his irony proceed from that sense of homelessness, that fear of being taken in, that shallowness in ascribing motives, that scorn in depicting other intellectual movements than those he has trimmed up in his own mind, which are the stigmata of the neo-classicist everywhere. His is the familiar search for a golden age—in his words, a "blessed epoch"—a search guaranteed from failure by an irremediable lack of historical sense. Greece, the Middle Ages, order, discipline, calm submission to fundamental laws—these are the words (they never become concrete ideas) that carry the burden and beg every question.

They also conceal the contradictions. For example, the Middle Ages are praised for having considered artists as simple artisans, but elsewhere we are told that nothing can be more important and elevated than art and the discussion of its principles. Again, the composer attacks what is loosely called the literary element in music, the element to which, of course, the Middle Ages and Greece devoted exclusive attention. In the same vein, the idea of revolution in art is banned because it means chaos, but originality and innovation are upheld as necessary. And so around each key word a game of tether-ball goes on, with the artist who speaks always on the winning side. *His* fancy, *his* interpretation, *his* fundamental laws, *his* irrational, *his* wayward development must have free play, while those of his colleagues, rivals, and predecessors are confined under the "austere sign of order and discipline." This egotism is unconscious, but it can be measured by the stature of those singled out from the past for especial praise—Gounod, Tchaikovsky, Bizet, Chabrier, Delibes, Bellini, and the earliest Verdi.

I am far from saying that in jerrybuilding this edifice to house his insights Mr. Strawinsky does not give cause for real meditation. I even agree with many of his judgments—on Wagner and Schoenberg, on harmony and melody, on critics and conductors. But almost every phrase he uses must be reworded to purge it of unfairness or inconsequence. In the most abstract language he makes constant appeal to the worst instincts of the groundlings—scorn, derision, superiority. He distils poison with modesty and self-righteousness with candor. He cannot help it, for critically speaking he is an unprincipled amateur. It is as if I tried to make a symphony out of the scraps of melody that occasionally occur to me. Mr. Strawinsky could point to the holes in the texture and the unworthy dodges my innocence would devise to get over the problems. There might be interesting moments, but no sustaining idea or linking of parts. Similarly with Mr. Strawinsky's "Poétique Musicale," of which even the division into subheads is an amiable fraud. Compare, as a standard of criticism on the same subject, Suzanne Langer's "Philosophy in a New Key" or Roger Sessions's "The Intent of the Musician." And, having compared, remember Mr. Strawinsky's lectures with gratitude as a unique affidavit.

JACQUES BARZUN

The Great Theme

AMONG contemporary novels Joseph Freeman's "Never Call Retreat" (Farrar and Rinehart, $3) must claim a special place for itself. It is serious, scholarly, and ambitious. Its theme is one of the greatest available to the modern novelist—the relation of the individual to the forces of history. If, then, it is twice as long as it should be and if, as fiction, it suffers severely from its heavy burden of erudition, these faults may be seen as the faults of excess and forgiven in the light of the enormous task Mr. Freeman set himself. Less easy to forgive, of course, are the woodenness of Mr. Freeman's central character, Professor Schuman, and

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the naivete of his women characters. For all his learning, this bloodless professor of history is scarcely the companion I would choose for a long journey through contemporary civilization, and for all their virtue—or because of it—the women in the professor's life are pretty unbelievable. (Still, Mr. Freeman's hero is so dull that any sexual achievement is a generous gratuity from his author!) But what really troubles me about this novel is not its length, its frequent tedium, or the emotional non-dimensionality of many of its characters so much as its fundamental evasion of moral-intellectual responsibility. This evasion is typified in the device on which the novel is constructed.

As the book opens, Paul Schuman, the Viennese historian whose years correspond to the tragic years of this century, is a refugee in America. He suffers from recurrent visions and a failure of will, and he has come to consult a psychoanalyst. The interview with the doctor occupies only ten pages of Mr. Freeman's 750-page novel; the rest of the book is the record of Schuman's "thousand and one Freudian hours," although stripped of "everything that pertains to the somatic data and symptoms of the disorder" and keeping "only the human and social circumstances which explain how Schuman came to see what he saw." Yet what the patient is saying psychoanalytically is presented in conventional novel form. The narrative is divided into the usual sections and chapters; there are even epigraphs at the beginning of each chapter. Schuman's recollections, far from being freely associated, are as ordered and polished as his author can make them, and except for the interjection of an occasional "I hesitate to describe it, Doctor," or "Are you still there, Doctor?" to remind us that the narrator is undergoing medical treatment, Mr. Freeman's patient might be at home writing his intellectual biography on his own typewriter. Why, then, we must ask, the psychoanalytical device in the first place?

Well, one obvious and artistically valid explanation is that modern history can in no better way be summed up than in the man sick with visions and paralyzed in will. Just as Schuman struggles, now, for his personal sanity, he has been part of a world struggling for political and social sanity. Also it adds a slight but neat artistic and moral-political fillip to Mr. Freeman's indictment of Nazism that his hero is rescued from despair by Freud, one of the people whom Nazism is particularly eager to destroy. Yet the fact that Mr. Freeman's protagonist and *raisonneur* is confessedly ill makes it very difficult for the reader to assess the validity of his opinions. It could work out, that is, that we would forget Professor Schuman's condition so long as Mr. Freeman, speaking through him, thinks and says what we wish him to, but that the moment he fails to record modern history as we ourselves would record it, we would be disarmed by the knowledge that it is not Mr. Freeman himself but an admittedly sick man who is in error.

Actually, of course, we go through no such process: we quite forget that Schuman is being psychoanalyzed. I purposely exaggerate the part this device plays in the narrative because, as I say, it typifies Mr. Freeman's refusal, all along the line, to commit himself on his opinion. "Never Call Retreat" is concerned with highly controversial issues, especially issues in left-wing politics, but we can never be sure, for example, whether it is Mr. Freeman's failure or Professor Schuman's failure that the true relation between the Austrian Communists and Social Democrats is so carefully glossed over, or whether or not Mr. Freeman agrees with the wife and friends of Schuman who so unquestioningly indorse the role of the Communist Party in Spain. Schuman's liberalism protects him from having to take positions in action, but this liberalism is also shown to be a weakness. This looks to me like one of those situations in which an author both has his cake and eats it. It seems fair to assume that if Mr. Freeman's central character hears but one side of a story it is because that is the side Mr. Freeman wants his reader to read.

And unhappily, since the only approach to either history or drama is without this kind of evasion or reservation, the drama of "Never Call Retreat" suffers quite as much as its history from Mr. Freeman's reluctance to commit himself. For instance, the best section of the novel is that which deals with Schuman's years in a German concentration camp; indeed, it is a virtuoso feat to have drawn such a convincing picture of prison life without first-hand experience. And in this section Mr. Freeman develops and almost brings to a climax a story which is as fine and subtle and truly significant a study in the relation of men and principles as anything I know in modern fiction. It is the story of what happens to two comrades, a poet and a man of action, when they come together in the high-tension world of a prison underground. If Mr. Freeman had written his whole book on the level of courage and insight with which this story, so far as it goes, is conceived, he would have written a great

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Dozens of first-rate new books will make their first appearance during the coming months. Reporters' stories of the world battlefronts, economic and social analyses, top-flight fiction, belles lettres are all represented on publishers' current lists. And *Nation* readers will want to know about them.

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book; but the point is that even this story itself is not carried out to its full and proper destiny, because that would be for Mr. Freeman to admit that revolutionary power can breed the same injustices and corruption as any other power. Instead, he has his two characters die before their conflict comes to its conclusion. Having stated the problem, he shirks its resolution. It is the sad failure, not alone of a single episode in a novel, but of a whole novel.

I am sorry not to be able to write at any length about two other books of the week which I very much enjoyed—Vardis Fisher's "Darkness and the Deep" (Vanguard, $2.50) and Marcel Haedrich's "Barrack 3, Room 12" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50). More fictionalized anthropology than novel, Mr. Fisher's story of our ancestors in the days when they were just learning to build shelters and hit each other with clubs is a serious and informative book which is at the same time as entertaining as an afternoon at the monkey-house. Marcel Haedrich is the pseudonym of a French officer captured by the Germans. The gentle journal of his imprisonment is one of the quietly touching documents of this war.

DIANA TRILLING

Douhet on Air Power

THE COMMAND OF THE AIR. By Giulio Douhet. Translated by Dino Ferrari. Coward-McCann. $4.

THE FIGHT FOR AIR POWER. By William Bradford Huie. L. B. Fischer. $2.50.

A VERY distinct service has been rendered American students of war by the publication of the complete American translation of Douhet's volumes on air power. No single work has exerted a greater influence on the theory of war in the air than have the writings of this Italian general who, long before the First World War and at a time when airplanes were largely experimental, plotted future trends with extreme accuracy. It is a fair criticism of the backwardness of our military thinking that this classic in the literature of air power has taken so long to appear in English.

Long before "Billy" Mitchell in the United States was referring to the "brass heads" of his opponents, the more tactful Italian had developed a doctrine of air power which held it to be the primary factor in war. The army and navy, Douhet pointed out, cannot ward off air attack. There is no real defensive against air war. The only safe course for an inferior air force to follow is to avoid an engagement with a superior enemy. Nor does even this course offer much hope, since the stronger force will use its margin to bomb extensively the industrial heart of the enemy.

Douhet's interpretation of the First World War is remarkably keen, and he clearly foresaw the future development of offensive tactics and weapons to overcome the machine-gun and intrenchments. But he did not quite foresee the Blitzkrieg, for he views the airplane alone, not the airplane as part of a combat team, as the weapon to break the type of stalemate which existed in 1916.

A large part of the book depicts an imaginary war between Germany on one side and France and Belgium on the other. The decision is obtained when an independent German air force completely destroys opposing auxiliary air forces in a two-day struggle and thereafter operates without opposition, destroying enemy cities and industry at will.

Critics can point to errors in this study. The author has not always grasped the trend of future developments. While he correctly emphasizes bombing as a function of airplanes, he greatly overrates its effectiveness. He states, for example, that future air wars will be so quickly won or lost that ability to replace planes will be an unimportant factor. Cities and industries are not so quickly or easily obliterated as he assumes, and bombing in the present war has not destroyed civilian morale. In concluding that there is no defense against air attack, he fails to foresee the deadly interceptor plane.

But these are hardly major objections to a book written in part more than two decades ago. On the whole Douhet was remarkably prophetic. Many of his observations are filled with such pungent wisdom that one can only wish they had been more generally accepted. He suggests, for example, that the principles of war should be taught in universities. Again, "Woe to him who tries to fight the war of the future with the weapons and system of 1917."

"The Fight for Air Power" by William B. Huie, though written in a light and readable vein which may bring popularity, has much less to recommend it. Most of the book is devoted to the past troubles of the Army Air Corps. With the aid of informants whom he quotes but neglects to name, Mr. Huie builds a case of neglect of air power against the President, the army, the navy, Congress, and others.

It is not exactly news that the relations between air, land, and sea branches of American defense have not always been happy ones, and many of the charges which the author brings against the older services are justified. But his account is unfortunately so biased and unfair that it discredits some really excellent thinking on the subject of air power. While dwelling on the iniquities of army and navy he fails to mention the overweening conceit in the air force, the failure of air officers to attend maneuvers or staff school or to look at air power as both an independent and a cooperative weapon. He soft-pedals air blunders in the Philippines and without bothering to consult the available evidence, which indicates a different conclusion, decides that the Flying Fortress was the real architect of victory at Midway. Quite correctly he urges unified command, but he doesn't want it if it means that the navy will get control of any land-based planes. The author is well informed regarding the important function of air power as a long-range striking weapon, and his comments on the Flying Fortress are worth careful reading. But nowhere does he reveal the slightest sign of understanding the importance of command of the sea, the cooperative role of air power, or the use of land armies.

Several chapters toward the end of the book are devoted to a strategy for winning the war. And here Mr. Huie is an undiluted optimist. He is certain we can destroy the German air force and productive facilities from the air and urges a defensive on land until that is accomplished. In the Pacific he pronounces an island-hopping offensive certain to fail and believes we should depend on air bases in Siberia and China for direct attack upon Japan. The diplomatic problems standing in the way of the first course and the enormous transport difficulties of the other do not worry him.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

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IN BRIEF

MR. RUTLEDGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. A Biography by Richard Barry. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.75.

It will be news to most readers that the author of the Constitution of the United States was John Rutledge, the able South Carolina lawyer, statesman, and strategist who did so much to win the Revolution in the South. But that is the conclusion of this absorbingly well-written, urbane, but (one is sorry that "but" is the appropriate word) extremely scholarly biography. And it was also the conclusion of De Toqueville, who approached the question as an uninformed and impartial outsider and formed his opinion on evidence almost reluctantly supplied. Mr. Barry has not only drawn on almost every known contemporary document, but has unearthed 127 previously unknown documents in Rutledge's handwriting, including the final draft of the Constitution. This is rich social as well as political and personal history.

FIJI: LITTLE INDIA OF THE PACIFIC. By John Wesley Coulter. University of Chicago Press. $2.

This is a book of somewhat specialized interest; but almost any of us may need to take a specialized interest in almost any part of the world nowadays, and for a person who wants to know about Fiji this is a handy survey, from first-hand acquaintance, of the people, geography, and political and economic conditions of a very centrally located spot on our route to the Southwest Pacific. Fully provided with graphs, tables, maps, and charts. A word must be said for the highly decorative but serviceable printed linen binding.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT. By Lloyd B. Holsapple. Sheed and Ward. $3.

The reign of Constantine was epoch-making. He adopted the Christian religion, became the first sole Roman Emperor in a very long time, and moved the capital of the world to the city on the Bosphorus that bears his name. It is the thesis of this scholarly biography, written from the Roman Catholic point of view, that Constantine's effect on history can be accounted for only by his original genius. It is definitely a book for Catholics. Others may find it slightly elliptical.

DRAMA

Killing Germans

AT THE beginning of this theatrical season I made the flip prediction that war was going to be good for business but bad for art. I rather wish now I had spoken with greater solemnity and could therefore claim more credit as a prophet, for the prediction has turned out even better than I hoped. Indeed, I am about ready to ask the compositor for *The Nation* to keep in type a standard lead for my notices of the new plays. It would read something like this: "When 'The Whatyoumaycallit' opened last week the notices were mixed—which means that some were even worse than the others. A few days later, however, audiences seemed to be having a very good time and remained to applaud after the curtain fell."

This week the title to be inserted in the appropriate place is that of a concoction called "Men in Shadow" which the eminent Max Gordon has indulged himself in at the Morosco Theater. With a frankness which is also understatement the program calls it a "melodrama," and it credits authorship to one Mary Hayley Bell, though I fancy Roy Hargrove, who both directs the piece and acts the leading role, has had a good deal to do with it. If the author really is a woman, then here is one more bit of evidence to cite in support of the contention that the female of the species can be pretty ferocious when she puts her mind to it. "Men in Shadow" is the first play I ever saw in which the big scene showed one man breaking another man's spine *with sound effects.* The spine in question is, I am glad to report, one made in Germany, and the sound effect—a kind of dry crackle—is probably quite authentic. Even so, I hope my patriotism will not be suspected when I confess that I found this proceeding a bit unpleasant.

The scene of the action is one of the standbys of melodrama, namely, "the old mill." It is occupied by a small group of American behind-the-lines saboteurs whose activities are very vaguely presented but seem to include signaling to airplanes. How the saboteurs got there is not quite clear; neither, to me at least, is it quite clear what they are going to do in the loft to which they have retired just before the final curtain goes down. But none of these things is very important because the play is concerned with only one subject, which is, quite simply, killing Germans.

In a broad general sense that is and ought to be the subject of all war plays. But when this subject is interpreted as literally as the present author has interpreted it, the action is likely to become a bit monotonous. Moreover, nothing that follows can quite come up to the spine-breaking with sound effects. You can, of course, pick out a nice fat German to stab in the back, and you can make the blood on the dagger very red and very visible. But real blood is old stuff in melodrama and doubtless was already old stuff on the occasion when I first observed it—namely, at the end of "Fra Diavolo" when the romantic bandit rolled down the rocky incline to the footlights and revealed the once spotless ruffles of his shirt front now all incarnadined. The only real variety which "Men in Shadow" affords is when Americans rather than Germans are suffering physical pain. Just after the first curtain goes up, the air is rent for five or ten minutes by the screams of an injured airman whose two broken legs are being set by an amateur. Just before the last curtain goes down, it is being rent again by the screams of the same man as he is being hoisted into the loft by his companions. Even Gloucester in "King Lear" gets his eyes gouged out only once.

It is the business of our soldiers to kill Germans. Undoubtedly some of these same Germans must be killed in decidedly unpleasant ways, and when it is necessary I hope our soldiers will not be too squeamish. But I seriously doubt that those of us who are staying safely at home ought to be encouraged to take delight in the spectacle of physical suffering or that sadists should be given convenient opportunities to convince themselves that their perversion is really ardent patriotism. The fact remains, however, that when I saw "Men in Shadow" it seemed to be going over big.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

ART OF THIS CENTURY. 30 West Fifty-seventh Street, until April 10.

Fifteen early and fifteen late paintings by Braque, Chagall, Dali, Chirico, Duchamp, Ernst, Gris, Kandinsky, Klee, Leger, Masson, Miro, Mondrian, Picasso, and Tanguy raise the always unanswerable question why the earlier paintings should be so much better than the later ones. Braque, Gris, Picasso,

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and Marcel Duchamp each show magnificent pictures painted between 1911 and 1914; Dali a charming aerial pink landscape, "The Spectral Cow," in pleasant contrast to his later earthworm style. The exceptions to this rule are Miro and Max Ernst. Miro gets more fresh and original with every picture, and Ernst has painted a wonderful subterranean landscape with gay windows opening on a brighter world. Neither of the Klees comes up to "The Magic Garden," which, although not in this exhibition, can be seen in another room of the gallery.

WAR AND THE ARTIST. At the Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 East Fifty-seventh Street, until April 3.

This just fails to be interesting—Chagall, Ernst, Masson, Matta, Miro, Picasso, Rouault, Siqueiros, Tamayo. Chagall has a charming picture "Between Darkness and Light," and Ernst an amusing one called "What Is Going on in Africa," with a lot of animals snarling and bellowing. There are two very good Miros, some of Picasso's "Dreams and Lies of Franco," rather dull Rouault drawings, and a pretty Matta in Schiaparelli colors.

MUSIC

MY REPORT on the fall ballet season was delayed by pressure of other matters until it seemed best for me to wait and give it before the Ballet Theater's spring season.

"Aleko" had sets and costumes by Chagall which were so startlingly beautiful in color and imagination as to be open to the criticism that they claimed too much attention for themselves; it had Tchaikovsky's A minor Trio, which turned out to be a superb ballet score as Massine used it; this use, even with its occasional weaknesses, added up to one of Massine's finest achievements; and it created roles for Markova and Laing in which they gave extraordinary performances. Massine did not, this time, construct choreographic movements to correspond with the movements of the Trio; his scenario used for the material of its four scenes the changes in character of the music, but cut across the break between the two movements and the structural divisions within the movements; and when I praise his use of the music I have in mind first of all this subtle structural integration of music and scenario. And in addition there was the feeling for the quality of the music that he showed in the choreography. In Skibine's twisting entrance as the curtain rose one saw the freshly imagined style which Massine had created for the principals—a style which was a perfect medium for Laing's smoldering emotional force, and in which Markova astonished one with unsuspected emotional powers as a character dancer. Massine also devised a series of charming divertissements for the second and third scenes, using some of the variations of the second movement of the Trio; where his imagination showed weakness was in the invention for large groups in the first and last scenes.

Of the other new works Dolin's "Romantic Age" was a trifle which required Markova to give first an amusing demonstration of an inability to dance and then an enchanting demonstration of her exquisite and unique art; and the more pretentious "Don Domingo" had good costumes and sets by Julio Castillanos, atrocious music by Revueltas, and choreography by Massine that descended from mere dullness to the badness of a Mayan goddess and warrior pas de deux straight out of an Earl Carroll "Vanities." The Ballet Theater's revival of "Billy the Kid" without Loring's participation or supervision revealed disturbing changes of the sort that begin to take place in a ballet when the choreographer is no longer on hand to watch over it; and Ian Gibson was less effective than Loring in the title role, lacking for one thing the stocky physique that had helped Loring to create the effect of a little tough guy; but even with these faults the work came out a masterpiece. In the same way Nijinsky's "Afternoon of a Faun" retains its originality and power even with the changes it has undergone in thirty years, and did so even with the new features of Laing's poor performance. "Petrouchka" was said to have been restaged by Fokine; but there was no evidence of restored order in the aimless milling about of the crowd; and there was of course the usual chaos in the performance of the music. Of the principals Lazovsky, the company's best male dancer, who got almost nothing of importance to do, was outstanding in the title role (Jerome Robbins proved a less effective substitute in a performance in which Lazovsky was the First Groom); and Baronova did her best work as the Ballerina—which is to say that this was the only role which she could not reduce to an exhibition of meaningless virtuosity and unendurable comic pertness. The revival of "Coppelia" was one of the occasions for such an exhibition.

The revival of Tudor's "Dark Elegies" I missed; but I attended a performance of "Lilac Garden" and several of "Pillar of Fire" which altered my impressions and estimates of these works. It was "Lilac Garden" that now seemed diffuse and repetitious; in "Pillar of Fire," on the other hand, I began to perceive what new states of mind in Hagar were reflected by the second scene that had previously seemed to be mere repetition of earlier material—the self-loathing which causes her to turn away from the man she loves, and which is dispelled only when finally he kneels before her. But though I found coherence in the part of Hagar I found none in the part of the man: Tudor provides nothing to account for his acting as he does in the first scene and then acting as he does in the second. Shortly afterward a remark by a connoisseur of ballet and an admirer of Tudor provided me with a clue to the enormous popular success of "Pillar of Fire." I had asked him what he thought of Balanchine; and he answered: "Balanchine isn't getting anywhere with his use of the medium; Tudor is getting somewhere." It occurred to me that many people who were bored by "Les Sylphides" or a Balanchine ballet to a Bach or Mozart concerto, which used the medium of ballet as Bach or Mozart used the medium of music, would be impressed by the works of Tudor, in which the ballet medium was used to convey explicit meaning in the way that music is used in program-music.

For the rest there were Markova's great performances in "Giselle," "Les Sylphides," and "Pas de Quatre."

As for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, two of its new productions—Nijinsky's "Snow Maiden" and "Chopin Concerto"—were poor stuff, with only this redeeming feature—that they employed the exquisite fluent grace of Danilova. But "Rodeo" had a good score by Copland (a sort of pint-size "Billy the Kid"), good sets by Oliver Smith and costumes by Kermit Love, and choreography that was a delightful embodiment of Agnes de Mille's sharp perception and wit; and it provided good artistic use for Franklin's whirling agility. These new works were done with precision and finish; but the older ones were exhibited in various degrees of delapidation.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Shakespeare and Dyer

Dear Sirs: I would like to register a slight protest against the complete inadequacy of the review of Alden Brooks's new book, "Will Shakspere and the Dyer's Hand," by Theodore Spencer in your issue of February 27.

I have not only read the book, and indeed reviewed it recently, but I have read and enjoyed Mr. Spencer's own very fine work "Shakespeare and the Nature of Man." In addition I read, in 1937, Mr. Brooks's earlier work on the authorship of the plays, "Will Shakspere, Factotum and Agent." I can claim, therefore, a slight acquaintance with the subject, although I am not a Shakespeare expert.

It seems to me that Mr. Spencer has not done the book justice. Most of his review is taken up with trying to be funny in a ponderous fashion. Whether publishers are faced with a paper shortage, for instance, has nothing to do with the problem who was the real author of the plays? Mr. Spencer has adopted the traditional attitude of the Stratfordian conventionalists. They invariably look the other way and make academical jokes about Bacon. Having scored so heavily in the past over Mrs. Gallup and the cipher fanatics, they conclude that there is nothing more to be said on the subject. In this they are out-ostriching the ostrich in burying their heads in the sand, while the general public has long ago reached the conclusion that the Stratford butcher boy certainly did not write most of the plays. They may not be clear as to who did, but to brush off anyone who has taken the trouble to write a book like "Will Shakspere and the Dyer's Hand" as nonsensical seems to me to be the act of one whose mind is closed to the sort of evidence that would be accepted in any common court as substantial.

At the time I read Alden Brooks's earlier work, I was much struck with the idea that the man whose name is on the plays was probably merely the producer. I recall seeing a silent film based on Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." The name of Hugo was printed very small at the bottom of the advertising, while the producer's name was two inches high at the top. I am sure the Man of Stratford, if alive today, would be in Hollywood. In any case it is more credible that the poetry was written by a courtier than by a countryman from Warwickshire. I must repeat, you have unfortunately done less than justice to a valuable work. It would have been better to have had the review done by a lawyer than by a college man.

WILLIAM MC FEE

Brookfield, Conn., February 28

For What Object?

Dear Sirs: It would have been easily possible, however tedious, to have taken Mr. Brooks's argument point by point and shown that his case for Dyer as the author of Shakespeare's plays is, in the light of the facts, an ingenious and painstaking implausibility. For example: Dyer died in 1607; if he wrote the plays that appeared after that date, he must have written them earlier, and Mr. Brooks tries to show that he did. But in trying to do so, Mr. Brooks is forced to ignore every evidence of style, of poetic development, of dramatic technique, of change in poetic vision—all the things that any real student of literature first thinks of.

In itself this is enough to suggest why a work like that of Mr. Brooks is not worth taking seriously. Mr. Brooks has read widely in Elizabethan literature, and has worked very hard for twenty years—but for what object? Not to increase our understanding of poetry, not to increase our understanding of a wise man's expanding view of human experience, not to increase our understanding of the craftsmanship of a great art, but merely to satisfy a fundamentally trivial curiosity. A curiosity which apparently starts from the unrealistic and scarcely democratic belief that a man whose father had once been a butcher was unable to write great poetry.

The trouble with Mr. Brooks's volume is that it is hopelessly beside the point. That is why, however, ponderously, I tried to laugh it off. For with Shakespeare the important thing to do is not to worry about who wrote the plays but to read them—and read them again.

THEODORE SPENCER

Cambridge, Mass., March 4

P. S.—The suggestion in Mr. McFee's last sentence has interesting possibilities. When the next book on international law is published, why not have it reviewed by a dentist?

"Nature" or "Civilization"?

Dear Sirs: My article Fascism Without Mussolini, in *The Nation* of January 30, prompted a letter which embodied opinions widely spread in this country and therefore worthy of discussion:

Your article in *The Nation* on fascism Without Mussolini raises a question which has been much in my mind about the political future of Italy—and of France also, for that matter. Perhaps you should write another article telling *how* the "Italian Democratic Republic" can be constituted after the war, since no such answer to Mazzini's prayers was vouchsafed *before* Mussolini. Certain it is that parliamentary government had broken down before the Duce appeared (I was there during the World War and the Armistice and saw much of this process); and indeed the Italian government, so long as it was strong, was always a veiled dictatorship, whether Cavour or Crispi or Giolittti happened to be at the helm. It's a very old story as the history of Rome would attest. It almost seems as if parliamentarism—which is the essence of the "Democratic Republic," as the English-speaking peoples understand it—were alien to the Latin nature; for neither France, nor Italy, nor Spain, nor Portugal, nor the Central and South American countries really succeeded in establishing it on a firm foundation. Whether the Slavs have that particular type of political genius remains to be seen: the Czechs alone so far seem to give an affirmative answer. The Scandinavians, yes; the Germans, hardly. The people who have bitterly assailed recent action in North Africa by our representatives seem unconscious of that problem. I should like to see *your* answer to it.—J. S. N.

When one writes, "The Italian government, so long as it was strong, has always been a veiled dictatorship, whether Cavour or Crispi or Giolitti happened to be at the helm," one should define the meaning of the word "dictatorship." If one means that in Italy the Prime Minister shaped the country's policies, the statement is correct. But in this sense Roosevelt's America also is a "dictatorship." Bernard Shaw's basic argument in favor of Hitler and Mussolini was always that Great Britain no less than Italy and Germany was a "dictatorship." In fact, in Great Britain the Prime Minister, when backed by a solid parliamentary majority, controls domestic and foreign policies.

However, when one puts together in the same dictatorial box Cavour and Mussolini, Roosevelt and Hitler, Churchill and Stalin, one must distinguish again between a "dictatorship

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number one" in which anyone criticizing and opposing the men in power is dispatched to jail or to the next world, and a "dictatorship number two" in which the right to criticize and oppose the men in power is granted to the citizens.

"Dictatorship number two" in former times was termed a "free regime." I, being seventy years old, intend to stick to traditional terminology and go on terming it a "free regime." Piedmont was a "free" regime from 1848 to 1860. Italy was a "free" regime from 1860 to 1922. I was an opponent of Giolitti from 1902 to 1914 and a critic of the Italian government during the First World War. Nobody dispatched me to jail or to the next world. Nobody ever thought of dismissing me from my teaching positions at the universities of Messina, Pisa, and Florence. But in 1925 I had to leave Italy.

A "free" regime permits habeas corpus, freedom of the press, of association, of assembly, trade-union freedom, religious freedom, freedom of teaching, elective local government, parliamentary institutions, etc. These institutions did exist in Italy. They do not exist now. They make the difference between a "free" and a "dictatorial" regime.

Parliament, one of the institutions of a "free" regime, was working rather poorly in Italy. But what were parliamentary institutions in England before the Act of 1832? England had to go through a process of trial and error during the whole of the nineteenth century—must we recall the Chartist movement of 1848?—before it settled down to a form of government we admire. To be sure, we do not forget that British national elections in 1924, 1931, and 1935 were won by the Conservative Party through three swindles—the Zinovieff letter in 1924, the put-up scare about the Post Office savings in 1931, and the fraudulent promise to stand by the League of Nations in the Italo-Ethiopian dispute in 1935. Such swindles, however, are part and parcel of that process of trial and error through which mankind has to pass in its endeavor to grow less imperfect.

Is political freedom a particular privilege bestowed by the Almighty God upon the Britons and those in America who claim to have British blood in their veins even if it is Irish or German, and even if not all immigrants originating in England belonged to precisely the same moral breed as the Pilgrim Fathers?

There is a brutal German Nazi doctrine of the Nordic race, and there is another doctrine of race soaked with suave Anglo-Saxon cant: "You are unworthy of reaching our heights; we are endowed with a parliamentary nature, a parliamentary genius; you have to be content with dictatorships." The notions of "nature," "genius," "instinct" spring from the assumption of something primitive, permanent, and unchangeable—"race."

Switzerland does not consist of born-on-the-lap-of-Jove Anglo-Saxons, but of Germans, French, Italians, and Latins. Yet all these Swiss may teach the "chosen" Anglo-Saxon peoples many lessons in democracy. Switzerland has as yet produced no Neville Chamberlain, nor John Simon, nor Samuel Hoare, and no Ku Klux Klan, Huey Long, or Mayor Hague. Of course the Swiss also had to learn through trial and error. As late as 1847 they were living under oligarchic regimes no less than those Czechs and Scandinavians who seem, like the Anglo-Saxons, to be endowed with an innate "genius" for democracy.

Let us, therefore, put aside "natures" and "geniuses" and "instincts," and let us speak of "civilizations" and state that Anglo-Saxon civilization should be credited in the political field with accomplishments which all other peoples must admire and envy. And since civilization spreads from one people to another through imitation, there is no absurdity in the fact that Latin peoples strive toward the political institutions of the Anglo-Saxons in the same way as the latter, in former times, had much to learn from the Latins.

When one asks "how the Italian Democratic Republic can be constituted after the war," one should ask oneself whether one can forecast who will be the President of the United States and what England will be in 1945. Why do the Italians alone have to deliver the blueprint of what their free post-war regime should be, nay, list their future leaders, one by one, if they do not want to be handed over to some Fascist quisling? Nobody asks Mussolini what the Fascist regime will be when this war is over, if it does not crumble. Why is it that only the anti-Fascists are asked to act as prophets and to put themselves in the places of forty-five million Italians who are now voiceless? This war is upsetting social, moral, and intellectual conditions so deeply everywhere that nobody, unless he is a fool, can foresee what features any political regime will assume tomorrow when the present earthquake is over.

I cannot foresee for Italy any alternative but hell, that is, dictatorship, on the one hand, or purgatory, that is a more or less imperfect parliamentary regime, on the other. I leave paradise, that is, the flawless parliamentary regime, to the Anglo-Saxons.

Anyhow, what the Italians will do is the business of the Italians and not of the Anglo-Saxons. It is high time that Anglo-Saxon self-complacency stopped speculating on what the Italians will do, stopped teaching them what they should do, and concentrated on what Britain and America ought to do if they intend to remain true to those Christian and democratic principles of which they claim to be the custodians.

America and Britain have to win this war, disarm Germany and Italy, not rearm the other countries of Europe, and stop there. It is not their business to tell the European peoples what they must or must not do. Europeans are not savages. Let them do what they can according to their lights. GAETANO SALVEMINI

Cambridge, Mass., March 2

Ehrlich and Alter

Dear Sirs: The Nation, in its issue of March 13, places protestants against the Ehrlich and Alter executions by the Soviet authorities in the unsavory position of seeking to initiate an anti-Soviet campaign and of thus playing "directly into the hands of Goebbels."

This is, indeed, a strange editorial conclusion to arrive at when one considers that everything known about these two men indicates that their lives were dedicated to the fight against all that Goebbels and Hitler stand for; that nothing, absolutely nothing, is known of the crimes they are alleged to have committed, and that "liquidation" of political opponents is as "regular" under the Stalin regime as are elections in our own country.

You place the responsibility for the Ehrlich-Alter execution with the Soviet government and then caution your readers that "people in this country have a responsibility too." Quite so. But why not tell your readers what that responsibility is? Is it to remain silent in the face of any act committed by an ally simply because we fight the same enemy?

It is true, of course, that the Soviets never promised to abide by the "four freedoms" of democracy prior to becoming our ally in fighting Hitler. But it is, I take it, equally true that we, on our side, never undertook to put these

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democratic prerogatives in mothballs when Stalin entered the war on our side.

Do you advise silence in the face of political assassination because you fear that the bond which today holds together the peoples of the United Nations is so thin that it cannot stand the strain of democratic vigilance?

A lot of people in America will not agree to such a moratorium. Stalin and America are fighting the same enemy; Stalin, to keep the record straight, has never said that he is fighting for democracy, but we did and we are. No one suggests that we break partnership with Stalin because he ordered the execution of two more trade-union leaders. Gene Cox, Howard Smith, and Clare Hoffman probably would reject such an idea as vehemently as Earl Browder and Bob Minor. But there are thousands in America who see in the assassination of Henryk Ehrlich and Victor Alter another example of what they bitterly protested against when they saw it commited by Hitler. They cannot believe that it is right just because Stalin has done it this time. They believe that it is their unbartered democratic right to protest against it. I am one of them.

MAX D. DANISH

New York, March 15

[*The Nation* did not suggest that Americans should "remain silent" about the execution of Ehrlich and Alter. It condemned the execution but urged the necessity of restraint and a sense of proportion on the part of persons who, like Mr. Danish, recognize the need of closer relations between Soviet Russia and the other Allied nations.]

It All Depends

Dear Sirs: You printed a few weeks ago a letter from F. Eugene Dubuisson in which he said that while he does not agree with Congressman Rankin on some subjects he and other Southerners will continue to send to Congress men like Rankin who "are willing to stand against the Northern majority that would condemn the South to mongrelization."

After long observation and quite some reading the opinion has been forced upon me that the white man has not the slightest objection to mongrelization *per se*: what he does object to is legal honorable mongrelization. As long as the disgrace of mongrelization rests solely on the dark-skinned woman and her and his child he cares nothing about mongrelization.

I live within twenty miles of an Indian school. Years ago a cousin, after driving past the place, remarked, "I drove by the Indian school. There were between two and three hundred children playing on the grounds and not one was a full-blooded Indian."

Within the last decade there died not far from my home a mulatto woman born in the 1830's. Her uncle, also a mulatto, died years ago; evidently the Southern planters of over a hundred years ago had not the slightest objection to mongrelization. And just as evidently it was not forced on them by "Northern idiots."

ELIZA COOK, M. D.

Gardnerville, Nev., March 1

Forgive Whose Taxes?

Dear Sirs: The so-called Ruml plan for "forgiving" 1942 taxes and putting our distraught tax system on a pay-as-you-go basis wears such an innocent expression, promises such sweet relief, and is backed by such an impressive array of financiers that it merits close scrutiny. In this troubled, complex world we should overlook no opportunities to simplify our national problems and ease our heavy burdens.

The method I propose for testing this plan has often brought us hopefuls to grief in the past by exposing plans which we were sure bore our economic salvation. It is to apply the thesis to a concrete case, work it out, and microcosmically reveal the substance of the entire plan. After all, the Ruml plan is no doubt impervious to any but frivolous criticism, for who can deny that if the government continues to get its tax money every year it simply can't suffer a year's loss of taxes?

Mr. Collins, president of Amalgamated Aircraft Corporation, computes his taxes for 1942, 1943, and 1944 on the basis of the existing tax system, assuming that the war will end in 1944 (to illustrate a point), thereby cutting his business in half and bringing a proportionate reduction in his tax load. Here's what he finds:

1942 income—$100,000; on March 15, 1943, he pays $75,000.

1943 income—$100,000; on March 15, 1944, he pays $75,000.

1944 income—$50,000; on March 15, 1945, he pays $15,000.

Total taxes—$165,000.

Mr. Collins then estimates the income taxes his next three payments will call for under the Ruml plan—whether paid annually or in instalments makes no difference:

1942 income—$100,000; forgiven.

1943 income—$100,000; on March 15, 1943, he pays $75,000.

1944 income—$50,000; on March 15, 1944, he pays $15,000.

1945 income—$50,000; on March 15, 1945, he pays $15,000.

Total taxes—$105,000.

The dawn comes up like thunder!

REO M. CHRISTENSON

Fort Rosecrans, Cal., March 15

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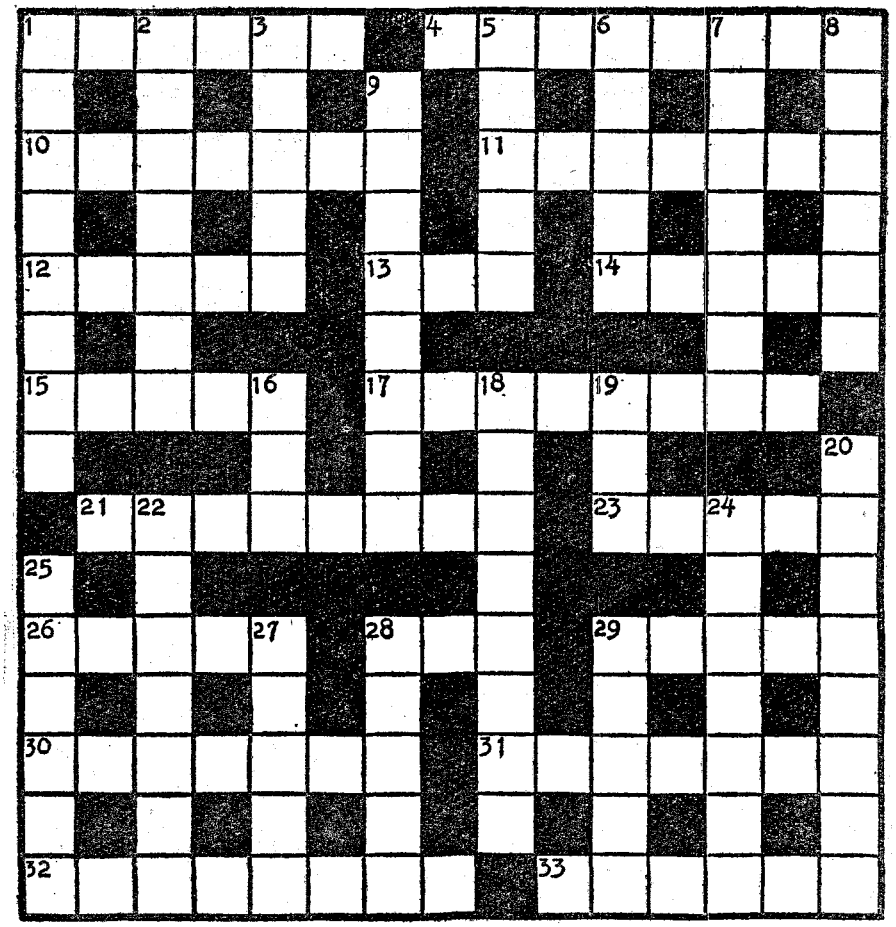
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 6

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 An unpleasant fellow, particularly when he comes out of his shell (two words, 3 and 3)
4 U. S. state with a floor covering in the center
10 Some err before they are reformed, and this is what they feel about it
11 A bad man is bad in vain
12 Saw without teeth
13 This in a king is murder
14 Epithet for the solver who starts, perhaps, at breakfast time and finishes at midnight
15 Organs the vote-getter can generally count on
17 Your itinerant European rug seller of pre-war days was probably one
21 Cleveland preceded *and* succeeded him
23 Upsetting the table naturally produces a sheepish remark
26 Mother of an expensive daughter
28 Half a loaf is better than no bread, but this is three-quarters of one
29 Often associated with vice
30 A facial contortion
31 Part of a circle cut off from the rest
32 Accounts, or songs, may be
33 The poet Burns enjoined us to scan our brother man thus

DOWN

1 Do these money-saving offers exclude profits, as they say?
2 Behaves like me among the clergy
3 The Grand Canyon is evidently the place for a grand feed
5 Kind of crossing we should like the steamship company to adopt from the railroad
6 Though isolated, this bit of land is apparently occupied
7 Hardly the type of musical instrument for a band-wagon
8 Though he keeps a watch he may not be able to tell you the time
9 Big bills don't worry them
16 "I am - - - Oracle, And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!" (Merchant of Venice)
18 Fine mast is obvious when broken up
19 A point for writers
20 Secretive, as a shy Lett might be
22 Here we see you in action at the card table
24 Oscar Wilde wrote of the importance of being this
25 An ogre makes an ass of himself
27 Buck up!
28 If you want stout, give an order for it first
29 Of doubtful origin and distinctly shaky toward the end

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 5

ACROSS:—1 STARTER; 5 WHIPPET; 9 ESSENCE; 10 SOLDIER; 11 TIGER; 12 EVE; 13 TITLE; 14 RAIMENT; 16 NATURES; 18 CHERUBS; 21 ASPIRIN; 24 SMELT; 26 UNA; 27 RATED; 28 ITALIAN; 29 ORLEANS; 30 NIBBLED; 31 EARNERS.

DOWN:—1 SPELTER; 2 ASSEGAI; 3 TUNER; 4 RE-ELECT; 5 WESTERN; 6 INLET; 7 PAINTER; 8 TUREENS; 15 ECU; 17 TIP; 18 CUSHION; 19 EWE-LAMB; 20 SPURNED; 21 ALAMODE; 22 RETRACE; 23 NUDISTS; 25 TWILL; 27 RULER.

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